

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 749.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1842.

PRICE
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(Stamped Edition, 5s.)

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That on WEDNESDAY, 6th April next, the Senate will proceed to elect Examiners in the following Departments:—

Examinership.	Salaries.	Present Examiners.
ARTS.		
Classics	175 <i>l</i> .	T. B. Burcham, Esq. M.A. late Fell. Trin. Coll. Camb. B. Jerrard, Esq. B.A. Rev. R. Murphy, M.A. Fell. Caius Coll. Camb. T. B. Burcham, Esq. M.A. One Vacancy.
Natural Philosophy	175 <i>l</i> .	Fell. Caius Coll. Camb.
Logic, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy	50 <i>l</i> .	Prof. Daniell, F.R.S.
The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History	50 <i>l</i> .	Rev. T. Stone, M.A.
The French Language	50 <i>l</i> .	C. J. Delille, Esq.
The German Language	50 <i>l</i> .	Rev. Dr. Bialoblotzky.
LAW.		
Logic and Jurisprudence	50 <i>l</i> .	Professor Graves, F.R.S.
MEDICINE.		
Practice of Medicine	175 <i>l</i> .	Alex. Tweedie, Esq. M.D. F.R.S.
Anatomy and Physiology	175 <i>l</i> .	Professor Sharpey, M.D. F.R.S.
Physiology & Comparative Anatomy	100 <i>l</i> .	Vacant.
Medicine and the Diseases of Women and Infants	100 <i>l</i> .	Edw. Rigby, Esq. M.D.
Chemistry	100 <i>l</i> .	Prof. Daniell, F.R.S.
Natural Medicine and Pharmacy	100 <i>l</i> .	Jonathan Piers, Esq. M.D. F.R.S.

The present Examiners are eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election, with the exception of one Examiner in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy; and the Examiner in Candidates must announce their names to the Registrar on or before the 30th of March.

By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Under the Sanction of the Committee of Council on Education.

DR. D. B. REID'S LECTURES ON THE CHEMISTRY OF DAILY LIFE, will commence at EXETER HALL, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th of March, at half-past 8 o'clock, P.M. The Course will comprise twenty Lectures, which will be continued on successive Wednesdays at the same hour.

Ladies and Gentlemen may obtain tickets of admission to the whole Course, price One Guinea, at Mr. P. A. P. Publisher, 40, West Strand; at Exeter Hall; at the Sunday School Union, Paternoster-row; and from Mr. Glass, 15, Duke-street, Westminster.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1842.

REVIEWS

An Inquiry into the Causes and Modes of the Wealth of Individuals. By Thomas Corbet, Esq. Smith & Elder.

THIS small and unpretending volume may be regarded as a novelty in literature; at least, we are not aware that the doctrines it puts forth have been hitherto publicly systematized, and presented from the same point of view. Long as the causes and modes of the wealth of nations have been made matter of scientific research, the private economy of individuals was still left to individual sagacity, or, at most, referred to a few aphoristic generalities, too abstract to be capable of much fruitful result. The author justly observes, that Political Economy has for its ultimate object the enlightenment of governments as to the true interests of nations. It teaches little or nothing in aid of the productive powers of man, but merely tends to instruct those who assume the superintendence of public affairs, not to counteract the endeavours of individuals. Notwithstanding, however, the validity of the *laissez faire* principle, mankind do not the less commit great and frequent errors, as individuals; which, though more easily corrected than those of their rulers, are of importance, at least to themselves, and therefore desirable to be avoided. To promote this end is the object of the present work; and "as in all systems of political economy it is taken for granted that the conduct of individuals is perfect, the compliment is here returned to statesmen and legislators;" and it is taken for granted that there are no such things as monopolies and prohibitions, or improper taxes—"such topics are left to the discussion of political economists."

In this exposition, which we have abridged from the author's Introduction, it is worthy of remark, that the phrase "productive powers of man" has a new, and it may be thought whimsical application. For the book professes not to treat either of Agriculture or of Manufactures, but confines itself very closely to the two subjects of Trade, (or the mere transfer and division of wares,) and of Speculation; in neither of which is there, in the ordinary meaning of the term, any production. The production, then, to which he alludes, is that of wealth to the party employed, or in more familiar language, plain money-making. True production, as a science, reposes principally on the natural sciences; every branch of it is a speciality; and even in the very artificial state in which society exists with us, these are more matters of routine than of system. Wherever principles have been discovered and machinery invented, the practices necessary to production admit of little systematic teaching. If these, indeed, were not within the compass of ordinary capacities, life itself would be untenable; since the support of all is the business of all. In trade and speculation, on the contrary, the wit of one man is more immediately pitted against that of another; and the great prizes in their lottery are as rare as they are exciting.

The work before us, after a few pages of preliminary matter, opens with an exposition of the principles of trade. These are not indeed many nor recondite, yet they admit of some illustration worthy the attention of the incipient trader. Steadiness of demand being of the first necessity to the seller, his effort should be directed to supply a regular and known set of customers, or, what comes to the same, a regular and known market. This is the first rule of trade; and however familiar the principle, it is not, therefore, too well known for formal enunciation and comment. "To understand a principle properly, we must know the exact amount of its impor-

tance, how far it extends, and where it stops; and it is to be connected with other principles, or to be distinguished from them."

The next rule of trade, much less generally followed, is to buy and sell at the market price, without reference to the prime cost. This at first sight is paradoxical, but it is true. The supply of daily customers at the market price of the day, is a transaction having no reference to the past or the future. The trader puts his customary profit on the wholesale price of the moment, and suffers his charges to his customers to rise and fall with those of the market in which he himself purchases. To hold off for a different price is speculation, and not trade. The reason why first price is not taken into consideration in a trading transaction, becomes plain on a slight consideration. If a trader sell stock for 80*l*. which cost him 100*l*. in the actual state of the market, he can replace that stock with the smaller sum received, for that is the worth of the article. The loss, therefore, is only apparent; whereas the refusal to sell, at reduced prices, loses the customer; and then there is a new market to be discovered or made.

The third rule is to deal always in the same commodity or set of commodities. The objects of this rule are self-evident,—increase of skill, and the retaining the same customers. The fourth is more important: it is to suit the supply to the demand, in quantity, quality, and kind. These are the principal points that require the tradesman's attention.

The sixth section treats of profit, which the author states not to be "something obtained for nothing." It is an addition made to prime cost, on account of the shopkeeper's labour, skill, and capital. This is a view not without a direct practical application, at once politic and moral, though the author has not insisted on it;—it inculcates, that the young tradesman, having ascertained the interest of his capital, and what it would cost him to hire a person to discharge all the labour, with a like skill, which he gives to the conduct of his business, should rigorously bound his expenses to that sum. More lavish expenditure must, in the long run and in the majority of instances, end in bankruptcy; for competition will not suffer any tradesman to get more than that amount of profit. This profit, the author again contends, is independent of fluctuations of prime cost, but floats on it, as the vessel does on the tide. Where such profit ceases, trade ceases; and where trade exists, it must exist. The absolute amount of profit is not, however, either fixed, or arbitrary. It varies inversely as the amount of trade. In small communities, shopkeepers must have, and can usually obtain, a higher profit on each individual transaction, than is obtainable where there is much business and much competition;—the amount of the profit compensating for its rarity. The tendency, therefore, of civilization, is to lower the rate of profits universally, but to enrich the tradesman. Hence, a distinction between profit and revenue.

We next come to sections on Competition and its laws, on Demand, on Cheapness as the criterion of all other qualities, on Credit, and on Capital,—all of which merit perusal, though they do not call for notice on our part. Then follow six sections on as many different views of Cheapness and Dearness: the first of these is, perhaps, the most novel,—namely, that strictly speaking, there is no such thing. The worth of everything, at any moment, is according to the Hudibrastic aphorism, "so much money as 'twill bring." If it bring much, it is worth much; if little, little. It can never, therefore, be absolutely dear or cheap. This, of course, excludes individual exceptions, arising

out of cheaterly or folly. A thing, therefore, is dear or cheap, in relation merely to former or future markets, or with reference to other articles, which have not followed the variations of the market, incidental to the thing compared.

Passing over much intervening matter, we come to Section 54, which states that business is at all times overdone. This the author illustrates in a striking manner:—

"This excess of supply above the demand, may in truth always be remarked in trade, whether as viewed generally or particularly. Thus a ship-owner is obliged to exert himself to procure freights, and thankful when he gets them; a shopkeeper, to advertise his wares; a manufacturer, to send round travellers to sell his goods; in fact, most to solicit custom, to puff themselves or articles; to use arts, as well as to incur expense, to obtain their object; and it is seldom indeed that the best employed tradesman or house ever do as much as they could, or at least would wish to do. All, generally speaking, are anxious to extend their business. Nor is this the whole. There is always in every business or trade a number of aspirants to or candidates for the public favour; who do not so much expect to live by it in the first instance, as to get into employment by their industry and patience, or the vacancies which occur in the course of time, and in the mean while hang loose upon trade. But if we select a particular business for examination, for instance, publication, we shall perhaps find this more strikingly manifest. Never was a taste for reading so generally diffused as at present: readers may, without exaggeration, be said to have multiplied tenfold. * * Yet how many excellent or meritorious publications have been obliged to be given up from the want of the due or proper encouragement? and it is not long since the book trade generally was in a state of unexampled distress—evidently from having outrun the demand, from over-publishing. If also we advert to that most popular of all species of literature—a newspaper—we shall find, such is competition and its effects, that a single generation is scarcely sufficient to establish one that shall pay. In short, however great the appetite or desire of the public for anything, the food administered, the supply furnished, goes beyond the demand. Like the Malthusian principle of propagation, the talent in society is always in advance, redundant, superabundant; and great as are the exertions of the press, there can be no doubt that they are nothing to what they would be were there a correspondent call for them."

The phenomenon is attributed to a difference between buying and selling, which is dependent on the fact, that money is always a saleable commodity, and will command a certain quantity of all others, at the purchaser's will. The consequence is, that other articles are less saleable. On this Mr. Corbet remarks,—

"In the first place, it is comparatively very easy, or a simple matter, to buy or sell for the purpose of mere profit, that is as a merchant, agent, or shopkeeper, whose interest extends no further than to a commission on the goods, or the difference between the buying and selling price, called profit; but very different to provide the means of exchange for consumption, where the whole article is destroyed or appropriated to use.—Thus the interest of a grocer in a pound of sugar, extends we shall say only to one halfpenny per lb., while that of the consumer amounts at the present price to at least eightpence or ninepence, marking a very great and obvious distinction. In the second place, it often happens, that when a person buys for consumption or use, he buys a thing which he afterwards discovers he did not want, or that does not exactly suit him or answer the purpose intended, or that he has been deceived in the quality or overreached in the price; and he cannot undo what is done, or retrace his steps. Thus, a person buys a gig, and never has occasion to travel; he buys a gun, and never finds leisure to shoot; a pair of boots, and they do not fit; . . . and so they remain a dead or useless stock, or can be resold only at a loss. There is here, therefore, often so much money lost. * * Hence it is, that there is always a superfluity of sellers as compared with buyers, or that the keenness or engerness to be remarked in sellers is

never equalled by that of buyers; the latter of whom seem always to stand upon or take up the higher ground. They, as obviously conferring a favour—the patrons—may use a little freedom, while the former as receiving it, the patronized, are always expected to be tolerant, humble, and complaisant. In fact, on the whole, men may be said, even in the gratification of their passions—the chief springs or motives of human action—always to buy as little as they can, and never anything which or more than they can absolutely do without."

How far this solution may satisfy our readers, we must leave to their consideration, and proceed from Trade to Speculation—a subject on which the author has thrown a light that will be new to many of our readers. He opens his views with the following paragraphs:—

"Speculation is to trade what the orbit of a comet is to that of a planet, different, it may be more eccentric, still perfectly regular—not less fixed and uniform; which may be traced in all its parts, and affords data of equal certainty for distinct and accurate conclusion. The one, therefore, as well as the other, may be reduced to a science, having its exact rules. Trade consists in supplying the daily, the hourly wants of man, and therefore has no connexion with the rise and fall of prices as a general principle. * * The changes or variations of price are occasioned by or occur in the course of time. Now trade has nothing to do with this. It is the *present* solely which concerns it. The profits of trade arise daily and hourly, and in small sums, the number or frequent repetition of which compensates their smallness. The gains of speculation, on the other hand, are obtained at long intervals, the greatness of which makes up for their infrequency. * * Again, the advantage sought from trade and that sought from speculation, are altogether of a different nature. The first, which is called profit, is a value added to capital, which is independent of price; the second is founded on the variation in the value of capital or in *price* itself, with little regard to what commonly makes up the elements of profit. The former is the reward of labour—the latter the consequence of skill and sagacity combined with patience. * * Another distinction between trade and speculation is, that, while the tradesman or trader is careful to preserve his customers, or those with whom he usually deals, the speculator is perfectly indifferent, or has no cares on this head, as although he must sell to some one, he never has any particular person in view; and when the proper time comes, from the nature of the case, can never feel at a loss in this respect."

In these remarks we discover the reason why there is so general a disposition towards speculation. Not only is money, in appearance, more easily to be made by exploiting other people's labour than your own; but there is also the gratification of vanity, in a successful encounter with the skill and cunning of rival speculators. Speculation is divided into three kinds,—

"First, in natural productions or commodities, the supply of which cannot be artificially increased on the occasion of present demand, or exactly when wanted; for a person cannot speculate, that is, advantageously, in a manufactured article, cotton goods for instance, almost any quantity of which can be wrought up at a short notice, in conformity with the demand. Or should we admit that the value of manufactured goods is affected by an alteration in the value of the raw material; and that consequently a person may gain or lose by having a stock of such on hand—if a speculation be adopted in these, the essence of it would still lie in the raw material, without seeming to do so, and would be properly carried into effect only in the coarser or plainer sorts, standing clear of fashion and the expense of manufacture as much as possible. * * The second species of speculation is more various in character, unfrequent in occurrence, and subject, in the first instance at least, to laws less strict and determinate. It consists in the purchase of the stock of a company in the prospect of its rise, or of land generally, or particularly, *i.e.* in the midst or neighbourhood of a large city, in the view of its value being increased by a rising population.—The third species is that which arises out of the value of money in relation to property, or of property in relation to money; and forms the subject of Branch II.,

as obviously distinguished from the other two by its more general character."

The requisites of Speculation, our author says, are time, capital, courage, patience to "bide the time," and "to abstain from doing, when nothing is to be done;" and lastly, knowledge of the nature and quality of the article on which to speculate. Time is necessary, because speculation is a time-bargain; to speculate without capital, forces disadvantageous sales, and is, in fact, fraud; and as for the two other qualities, they speak for themselves. If these reflections were duly made, it might considerably diminish the taste for speculation, and the number of speculators. The principles which should govern speculation are more various and complex than those which are necessary to regulate trade. Indeed, so many are the intellectual and moral qualities essential to a first-rate speculator, that our author might have placed at the head of his list the genius for speculation. For there is a peculiar aptitude for this branch of industry, as decided as that for poetry or mathematics. Every one is not a speculator, who would feign live by his wits; as the number of blanks to one prize sufficiently proves.

The great basis on which all speculation turns, is the average price of the article on any long series of years,—the longer the better, provided the circumstances continue strictly the same. The profit consists, as a general rule, in purchasing below the average, and keeping the goods till they attain to, or rise above it. This is not a matter of chance, like the throw of the dice, but is governed in each case by laws of its own. Grain, and other articles that may be kept for more or less time after the season in which they are produced, obey one set of laws in their variations of price; those which are consumed within the year, another: speculations in joint-stock companies and land, constitute a third; and speculation in money, which has its fluctuations, like other objects of desire, a fourth. By this is intended that each of these modes of speculation embrace their own series of facts, without a due attention to which it is impossible so to foresee events, as to make the speculation more certain than the toss of a halfpenny. In proportion as these events are known and calculated, the transaction assumes a greater degree of probability, till it becomes so great, that on an average of many, the gain is certain;—provided the capital employed be sufficient not to be exhausted by any short series of ill luck. To the development of these theorems the latter part of the volume is consecrated; which we doubt not will prove the most interesting to the reader, not only because of the universal tendency to speculation, but because the reasoning is of a higher and more exciting cast.

The connexions between trade and speculation, how far they are or are not compatible, are thus set forth:—

"In the first place—trade and speculation seem to be, to a certain extent, or in a certain manner, unavoidably connected. Thus, although we have described the shopkeeper as raising his prices when prices rise, and lowering them when prices fall, yet it is certain he does not or cannot always exactly do so to the full extent of the change; but occasionally makes an extravagant profit by the rise, or sustains a loss by the fall of prices, according to the stock which he has on hand, which must always be a little more than suits the momentary or immediate demand. And the same must take place with the manufacturer of woollen cloth for instance, who it is obvious requires some time to work up his raw material. Thus far therefore is speculation inseparable from trade. Secondly—the profits of some businesses are so small, such as those of a miller or baker, that those engaged in them are obliged to study the rise and fall of prices, or to resort to speculation as a compensation; that is, to lay in a stock of wheat or flour when prices are low, and again to consume or

expend this stock when prices are high. And the necessity for their so doing is probably to be found in the fact of others in the same trade resorting to this as a means of enabling them to sell cheap—the result being, that the commodity remains nearly always at the same price to the customer or consumer whatever be the price of the raw material or stock laid in. * * Thirdly—if a person can manage a stock beyond his ordinary or the demands of his usual customers, for the sole and express purpose of speculation; that is, have a set of customers whom he can take up or lay down at pleasure, or in other words go into and out of the market when he chooses—it is well. * * So far the union of trade and speculation is unavoidable—so far it is desirable—so far they are incompatible. Yet must we not mistake union for identity. The truth is, trade and speculation are always in their proper nature, in all their degrees and phases incompatible. They may or occasionally must be united, but can never be identical; and when carried on simultaneously, or the one for the sake of the other, like oil and water, still repel each other. Each, although it may be brought to the aid of the other, is still governed by and conducted on its own separate and peculiar principles. When we would render trade subordinate to speculation, we find we destroy that trade; when we would bring speculation to the aid of trade, we discover we have on hand an extraneous and dormant stock inconsistent with the nature of trade. And this is without exception, unless it be in the case of joint-stock companies, to be afterwards noticed."

The prejudices formerly entertained against forestallers and regraters, are beginning to disappear among all persons pretending to the possession of common sense; but the same is not the case with regard to speculation in general. The current of opinion certainly sets against this mode of industry. Successful speculation is founded on superior intelligence, which, in its abuse, is cunning; while the abuse of cunning is fraud; therefore, it is hastily assumed, speculation is founded on fraud. Here the exception is taken for the rule; for though it must be admitted that there is a tendency in speculation thus to degenerate, yet cunning and fraud, in the long run, (and that run not so very long) end in ruin: it is the law of cunning to seize upon trifles and to give them undue weight,—in a word, to miscalculate; and as to fraud, it is the wit of one man placed against that of all men, and, consequently, must eventually be defeated, and therefore eliminated. Speculation (in produce, at least) has a legitimate sphere of action, within which it is as useful to society as to the successful individual.

On the relative value of trade and speculation to those engaged in it, the author thus delivers himself:—

"Of the two, trade and speculation, which is the superior, which the inferior, we apprehend there cannot be a doubt. Speculation is in truth a mere exception in business, arising out of the derangements of trade or impossibility of adjusting the supply to the demand; yet so far useful to or coming in aid of trade as it has a tendency to produce readjustment; to prevent extreme in price, as well that which is ruinously low as that which is excessive, [and] results in dearth and famine. For if a person buy when prices are low, this has clearly a tendency to raise price; as if when he brings out a store and sells when prices are high, it has to lower it. With regard to the individual which is to be preferred, there seems to be as little doubt. Trade is steady and uniform, and can be carried on at all times; speculation, on the other hand, only occasionally, or when opportunity offers. There is therefore a peculiar certainty which belongs to the former which does not belong to the latter, and this certainty is the certainty of employment or scope for it. The time also required to mature a speculation is not to be forgotten; during which it may be conceived more money will often be made in the regular course of trade. As in mechanics so in speculation, what we gain in force or accumulated power, saving of labour, we generally lose in time. Yet without doubt occasionally very large sums are made by opportunities which it re-

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quires but a very ordinary share of sagacity to foresee and take advantage of. Thus... Greenland whale-oil within fourteen years, (viz. between 1822 and 1836) has afforded four good opportunities for speculation, low price as well as high, on three of which a gross gain of 100 per cent. or upwards might have been obtained, on the fourth 50, while during the same period it is known to have been a bad business to the whale-fisher."

Among the several false modes of speculation, the author places that of purchasing to create a scarcity. The danger of this investment results from the difficulty of ensuring sufficient capital to see the transaction out, and that other danger, greater still, of being circumvented by fresh importations, which irresistibly and irretrievably knock down the prices. An instance of success in this mode is worth quoting for its whimsicality:—

"A certain citizen of Montrose, it is said, wrote to his agent in London to purchase a ton of copper for him; but the letter being one of the very worst specimens of penmanship, as well as perhaps not very correct in point of orthography, the agent read the order a ton of capers. Surprised at such an order, but nevertheless anxious to oblige his correspondent, he immediately set to work, and bought up the commodity in all quarters till he had the requisite amount. This, as may be conceived, was attended with the very natural effect of creating a demand for capers, (in the language of trade, capers came to be inquired after,) and also of rendering them scarce, so that they in consequence rose very much in price. The agent now wrote his correspondent that he had had great difficulty in fulfilling his order, but at last had succeeded in procuring for him a ton of capers; but that capers had since risen very much in price, and if he chose to sell he had now an opportunity of realizing a handsome gain on the transaction. The Montrose citizen, as might be expected, was very much astonished in his turn by the communication, and the manner in which his order had been fulfilled, but had the good sense to write immediately to sell by all means—and thus, it is added, pocketed a considerable sum from an unintentional speculation and unexpected advantage. Such a thing is possible or may be conceived to succeed with such a commodity as capers, of which there is always a limited quantity in the market; but resembles one of those stratagems of war by which a town is sometimes taken, the success of which is more wonderful than would be the failure."

We have to apologize to our readers for having run this article to a great length, without attaining to anything like a complete analysis. We, however, believe, that many persons, unconnected with "the city," will not be displeased to take a hasty peep into its business; and to the merchant it may afford grounds for purchasing the volume itself, which is neither expensive nor disproportionately long. In conclusion, we have to lament that the style is too frequently obscured by a redundancy of expletive and parenthetical words, which it is sometimes almost impossible to unravel. This is a common fault in works of a purely didactic character, and cannot be sufficiently avoided; for it causes that to be very dry and difficult reading, which would otherwise prove attractive and delightful to all.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Vol. II. (1781—1786). Colburn.

This volume keeps the promise of its predecessor. The wits who animated society, the social enjoyments which diversified court life sixty years (four reigns!) ago, are called up, as no chronicler could do it, other than a journalist endowed with Fanny Burney's perception, and writing to "the minute," after Harriet Byron's fashion. In its earlier portion, we are shown Johnson in the days of his decline, when the lion's strength was shown by little save the lion's ferocity, tyrannizing over the sweet-tempered Mrs. Thrale, —bullying the gentlemanly Mr. Pepps, and even making "the little Burney" of his flattering

adoption quake with fear of his violence. We have glimpses of the *bas bleu* set; the last of whom, Lady Cork, only died yesterday. But the less renowned figures are not the least engaging part of the motley picture. It is easy to discern how the authoress of 'Evelina' came by her Sir Robert Floyers, and her Sir Sedley Clarendels—and how, from the intimations of eccentric humours and mean propensities, which will force themselves to the surface, even in polite society, she was able to imagine the Briggses, and Branghtons, and Dubsters—those vulgar and endless bores whom the very truth of the portrait makes so intolerable in fiction.—The volume opens with some sprightly letters from Mrs. Thrale, containing a passing hit at the Sussex people for their silliness:—

"I love the Sussex people somehow, and they are a mighty silly race too. But 'tis never for their wisdom that one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence, and virtue, and honest fondness, one loves people; and the other qualities make one proud of loving them too."

A passing notice of the gold and grebeskin trimming of the Owhyhee dress, which was woven after a pattern brought home from the South Seas by Captain Burney, is followed by a report of a *conversation*, in which a few of the celebrities of the day are cut cherrystone size:—

"Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Pioszi sung, Pepps panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well; the way to his heart is connoisseurship it seems, and for a back ground and contorno, who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know."

These lively spirits were soon doomed to receive a check in the sudden death of Mr. Thrale. From this moment, the scenes of the magic lantern begin to change. The delightful Streatham circle melts away like a dissolving view, we scarcely know why or how. New characters, too, appear. One, and among the best drawn of Fanny Burney's *dramatis personæ*, real or imagined, is a Mr. Crutchley, an executor. He was one of those to whom might be applied the distich—

They are as sick, that surfeit on too much,
As they that starve on nothing.

Rich, rude, proud, misanthropic, yet generous to his friends—our portionless authoress seems early to have apprehended the danger of his fancying that she was anxious to set her laurels at his gold. In fact, Mrs. Thrale's affection for her friend, and a random speech of Sir Philip Clerke's, almost warranted the notion, in one, by position and disposition, likely to be suspicious. By way of taking the strictly honourable side of the question, Miss Burney became downright uncivil to the gentleman. This could not fail to pique the curiosity of one, who, beneath a husk so ungracious, had still so noble a nature; and we have many pages of misunderstanding, teasing, explanation, curious to read as developing a character, but impossible to extract. The following passage, however, is more manageable:—

"I had new specimens to-day of the oddities of Mr. Crutchley, whom I do not yet quite understand, though I have seen so much of him. In the course of our walks to-day we chanced, at one time, to be somewhat before the rest of the company, and soon got into a very serious conversation; though we began it by his relating a most ludicrous incident which had happened to him last winter. There is a certain poor wretch of a villainous painter, one Mr. Lowe, who is in some measure under Dr. Johnson's protection, and whom, therefore, he recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their pictures. Among these, he made Mr. Seward very readily, and then applied to Mr. Crutchley. 'But now,' said Mr. Crutchley, as he told me the circum-

stance, 'I have not a notion of sitting for my picture, —for who wants it? I may as well give the man the money without; but no, they all said that would not do so well, and Dr. Johnson asked me to give him my picture. "And I assure you, sir," says he, "I shall put it in very good company, for I have portraits of some very respectable people in my dining-room." "Ay, sir," says I, "that's sufficient reason why you should not have mine, for I am sure it has no business in such society." So then Mrs. Thrale asked me to give it to her. "Ay sure, ma'am," says I, "you do me great honour; but pray, first, will you do me the favour to tell me what door you intend to put it behind?" However, after all I could say in opposition, I was obliged to go to the painter's. And I found him in such a condition! a room all dirt and filth, brats squalling and wrangling, up two pair of stairs, and a closet, of which the door was open, that Seward well said was quite Pandora's box—it was the repository of all the nastiness, and stench, and filth, and food, and drink, and — oh, it was too bad to be borne! and "Oh!" says I, "Mr. Lowe, I beg your pardon for running away, but I have just recollected another engagement;" so I poked the three guineas in his hand, and told him I would come again another time, and then ran out of the house with all my might. Well, when we had done laughing about this poor unfortunate painter, the subject turned upon portraits in general, and our conference grew very grave: on his part it soon became even melancholy. I have not time to *dialogue* it; but he told me he could never bear to have himself the picture of any one he loved, as, in case of their death or absence, he should go distracted by looking at it; and that, as for himself, he never had, and never would sit for his own, except for one miniature by Humphreys, which his sister begged of him, as he could never flatter himself there was a human being in the world to whom it could be of any possible value: 'And now,' he added, 'less than ever!' This, and various other speeches to the same purpose, he spoke with a degree of dejection that surprised me, as the coldness of his character, and his continually boasted insensibility, made me believe him really indifferent both to love and hatred. After this we talked of Mrs. Davenant. 'She is very agreeable,' said I, 'I like her much. Don't you?' 'Yes, very much,' said he; 'she is lively and entertaining;' and then a moment after, 'Tis wonderful,' he exclaimed, 'that such a thing as that can captivate a man!' 'Nay,' cried I, 'nobody more, for her husband quite adores her.' 'So I find,' says he, 'and Mrs. Thrale says men in general like her.' 'They certainly do,' cried I, 'and all the oddity is in you who do not, not in them who do.' 'May be so,' answered he, 'but it don't do for me, indeed.' We then came to two gates, and there I stopt short, to wait till they joined us; and Mr. Crutchley, turning about and looking at Mrs. Davenant, as she came forward, said, rather in a muttering voice, and to himself than to me, 'What a thing for an attachment! No, no, it would not do for me!—too much glare! too much flippancy! too much hoop! too much gauze! too much slipper! too much neck! Oh, hide it! hide it!—muffle it up! muffle it up! If it is but in a fur cloak, I am for muffling it all up! And thus he diverted himself till they came up to us. But never, I believe, was there a man who could endure so very few people. Even Mrs. and Miss Thrale, of whom he is fond to excess, he would rather not see than see with other company."

A page or two later occurs a scene of different colour, to introduce which it is but necessary to say, that Mr. Cator was another of Mr. Thrale's executors:—

"The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's 'Life,' by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepps, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath. In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepps before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated

me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the 'Life,' that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid. It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly. Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion. 'Mr. Pepps,' he cried, in a voice the most enraged, 'I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!'—'No sir,' cried Mr. Pepps, 'not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started.' I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but mortal man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. Mr. Pepps meantime never appeared so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying—'Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do me wrong.' &c. &c.

One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence to Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand. 'As to this question of Lord Lyttelton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his 'Life,' for I have only read the 'Life of Pope'; I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read 'Lord Lyttelton.' 'Pope' I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's why should not he pay his rent?' "

The dispute was not to be stilled: even the sight of his favourite tea-urn did not quiet Boanerges. The men entered from the dining-room 'still warm and violent':—

"Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the 'Life of Lyttelton,' that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it. Mr. Pepps came up to me and said,—'Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset.' I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepps, at last, resolutely silent however called upon. This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed—'What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the 'Life of Lord Lyttelton' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say—' 'I wish, sir,' cried Mrs. Thrale, 'it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it.' This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced."

A little more of Mr. Crutchley from a subsequent chapter:—

"Among other folks, we discussed the two rival duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire. 'The former,'

he said, 'must, he fancied, be very weak and silly, as he knew that she endured being admired to her face, and complimented perpetually, both upon her beauty and her dress.' And when I asked whether he was one who joined in trying her—'Me!' cried he; 'no, indeed! I never complimented anybody; that is, I never said to anybody a thing I did not think, unless I was openly laughing at them, and making sport for other people.' 'Oh,' cried I, 'if everybody went by this rule, what a world of conversation would be curtailed! The Duchess of Devonshire, I fancy, has better parts.' 'Oh yes; and a fine, pleasant, open countenance. She came to my sister's once, in Lincolnshire, when I was there, in order to see hare-hunting, which was then quite new to her.' 'She is very amiable, I believe, said I; 'for all her friends love and speak highly of her.' 'Oh, yes, very much so; perfectly good-humoured and unaffected. And her horse was led, and she was frightened; and we told her that was the hare, and that was the dog; and the dog pointed at the hare, and the hare ran away from the dog; and then she took courage, and then she was timid;—and, upon my word, she did it all very prettily! For my part, I liked it so well, that in half an hour I took to my own horse, and rode away."

As this episode proceeds, the journalist impresses us with the idea, that the proud man, and his great fortune, were gradually condescending towards her feet. But Italian guests now begin to figure at the lively widow's board: Neapolitan noblemen, Sacchini, Piozzi, &c. doubtless more complaisant worshippers than the overweening Johnson! Then we have Mr. Musgrave,—

"An Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolic; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly!"

The eccentricities of this true "son of the sod" were legion, but in closing this chapter we prefer the *dénouement* of the Crutchley romance:—

"And now, if I am not mistaken, I come to relate the conclusion of Mr. Crutchley's most extraordinary summer career at Streatham, which place, I believe, he has now left without much intention to frequently revisit. However, this is mere conjecture; but he really had a run of ill-luck not very inviting to a man of his cold and splenetic turn, to play the same game. When we were just going to supper, we heard a disturbance among the dogs; and Mrs. and Miss Thrale went out to see what was the matter, while Dr. Johnson and I remained quiet. Soon returning, 'A friend! a friend!' she cried, and was followed by Mr. Crutchley. He would not eat with us, but was chatty and in good-humour, and as usual, when in spirits, saucily sarcastic. For instance, it is generally half my employment in hot evenings here to rescue some or other poor buzzing idiot of an insect from the flame of a candle. This, accordingly, I was performing with a Harry Longlegs, which, after much trial to catch, eluded me, and escaped nobody could see how. Mr. Crutchley vowed I had caught and squeezed him to death in my hand. 'No, indeed,' cried I, 'when I catch them, I put them out of the window.' 'Ay, their bodies,' said he, laughing; 'but their legs, I suppose, you keep.' 'Not I, indeed; I hold them very safe in the palm of my hand.' 'Oh!' said he, 'the palm of your hand! why, it would not hold a fly! But what have you done with the poor wretch—thrown him under the table slyly?' 'What good would that do?' Oh, help to establish your full character for mercy.' Now, was not that a speech to provoke Miss Grizzle herself? However, I only made up a saucy lip. 'Come,' cried he, offering to take my hand, 'where is he? Which hand is he in? Let me examine?' 'No, no, I thank you; I shan't make you my confessor, whenever I take one.' He did not much like this; but I did not mean he should. Afterwards he told us a most unaccountably ridiculous story of a *crying*

wife. A gentleman, he said, of his acquaintance had married lately his own kept mistress; and last Sunday he had dined with the bride and bridegroom; but to his utter astonishment, without any apparent reason in the world, in the middle of dinner or tea, she burst into a violent fit of crying, and went out of the room, though there was not the least quarrel, and the *sposo* seemed all fondness and attention! 'What then,' said I, somewhat maliciously, 'I grant, 'had you been saying to her?' 'Oh, thank you,' said he, with a half-affronted bow, 'I expected that! I declare I thought you would conclude it was me!'"

We will now return to London, and pick up a new oddity or two. The first was encountered at one of Mrs. Paradise's parties. The hostess—"Leaning over the Kirwans and Charlotte, who hardly got a seat all night for the crowd, said she begged to speak to me. I squeezed my great person out, and she then said,—'Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele desires the honour of being introduced to you.' Her ladyship stood by her side. She seems pretty near fifty—at least turned forty; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer's; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive. 'Miss Burney,' cried she, with great quickness, and a look all curiosity, 'I am very happy to see you, &c.—' I must introduce you,' continued her ladyship, 'to my sister; she'll be quite delighted to see you. She has written a novel herself; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant. She has written two novels, only one is not so pretty as the other. But I shall insist upon your seeing them. One is in letters, like yours, only yours is prettiest; it's called the 'Mausoleum of Julia!'—Mrs. Paradise then again came forward, and taking my hand, led me up to her ladyship's sister, Lady Hawke, saying aloud, and with a courteous smirk, 'Miss Burney, ma'am, authoress of 'Evelina.' 'Yes,' cried my friend, Lady Say and Sele, who followed me close, 'it's the authoress of 'Evelina'; so you are sister authoresses!' Lady Hawke arose and curtsied. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty; extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of her family, and well contented to be looked upon as a creature dropped from the clouds. * * 'Yes, I really can't help writing,' said Lady Hawke. One has great pleasure in writing the things; has not one, Miss Burney?' 'Y—e—s, ma'am.' 'But your novel,' cried Lady Say and Sele, 'is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel that don't end happy.' 'Yes,' said Lady Hawke, with a languid smile, 'I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been.' 'My sister intends,' said Lady Say and Sele, 'to print her 'Mausoleum' just for her own friends and acquaintances.' 'Yes,' said Lady Hawke; 'I have never printed yet.' 'I saw Lady Hawke's name,' quoth I to my first friend, 'ascribed to the play of 'Variety.' 'Did you indeed?' cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy. 'Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!' 'Did she?' said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. 'But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life!' 'Well,' cried Lady Say, 'but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean; Miss Burney must hear it,—out of your novel, you know!' 'Lady H. 'No, I can't; I have forgot it.' 'Lady S. 'Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it.' 'Lady H. 'But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory; I am sure you can repeat it.' 'Lady S. 'Oh, but I should not do it justice! that's all.—I should not do it justice! Lady Hawke then bent forward, and repeated,—'If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!' " And from what, ma'am, cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, 'is this taken?' 'From my sister's novel!' answered the delighted Lady Say and Sele, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; 'it's in the 'Mausoleum,' did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And

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it's all just like that part. Lord Hawke himself says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, Miss Burney, you are producing another,—a'n't you? 'No, ma'am.' 'Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute.' "

The Shallows, we know, came in with the Conqueror; they will not go out, we fear, till the Millennium. What literary Londoner could not furnish a companion to this cuckoo-song? But, not to *Cecilize*, we will continue our extracts: though carefully skipping raptures expressed on the publication of 'Cecilia,' we refrain from Burke's letter, which contained a dose of approbation strong enough to make a stronger person totter. Nor can we make room for the cage full of new Brighthelmstone oddities. A scrap, concerning a more familiar friend, is not to be passed over:—

"Mr. Metcalf called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. Hamilton is gone, and Mr. Metcalf is the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than any body. 'Tis very strange and very melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people. He likes Mr. Metcalf, however, and so do I, for he is very clever and entertaining when he pleases.—Poor Dr. Delap confessed to us, that the reason he now came so seldom, though he formerly almost lived with us when at this place, was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson. And the other day Mr. Selwyn having refused an invitation from Mr. Hamilton to meet the Doctor, because he preferred being here upon a day when he was out, suddenly rose at the time he was expected to return, and said he must run away, 'for fear the Doctor should call him to account.' "

Enough is recorded in this and the already-cited passage, to give a show of plausibility to one reason alleged by Mrs. Thrale for her strange marriage—the increasing and unreasonable tyranny of Johnson.

But, place for the Lady of Old Burlington-street. Which of us that recollects the tiny figure, white as a ghost, neat as a fairy, and fragile as a shadow, that used to be seen from time to time, propped up in some elbow chair, in some choice circle, can believe that this relic of a former dynasty, and the personage Miss Burney shall here describe, were one and the same!—

"Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror."

What follows is something nearer to contemporary experiences:—

"Now for Miss Monckton's assembly. I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Every thing was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went up stairs, and when we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of—tea-things, and one maid-servant! 'Well,' cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, 'what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early

that nothing is ready.' The maid stared, but said, '—There's company in the next room.' Then we considered again how to make ourselves known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no courtesy, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us. Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton. Miss Monckton's own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say 'How do do?' after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves. As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her general custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and very politely thanked me for coming, and said, '—I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you.' 'No, indeed, you did me much honour,' quoth I. She then broke further into her general rules, by making way for me to a good place, and seating me herself, and then taking a chair next me, and beginning a little chat. * * *

"Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monckton exclaimed, '—My whole care is to prevent a circle; and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dextrous a disorder as you would desire to see. The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's, and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected. Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after, and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation began between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen. 'How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House—are you?' 'To be sure,' said Mrs. Hampden; 'what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress?' I can't bear a sacque.' 'Why, I thought you said you should always wear them?' 'Oh, yes, but I have changed my mind since then—as many people do.' 'Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed,' said the other—'you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!' * * *

"Mr. Burke went to some other party, and Mr. Swinerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects; and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Mr. Metcalf, who, with much satire, but much entertainment, kept chattering with me till Dr. Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me. Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honours? 'So,' said he to Mr. Metcalf, 'it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?' 'He's jealous,' said Mr. Metcalf, dryly. 'How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons!' said the Doctor. 'I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear,—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade Mrs. Siddons! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself Burney! Burney! Burney! Burney!' 'Ay, sir,' said Mr. Metcalf, 'you should have carved it upon the trees.' 'Sir, had there been any trees, so I should; but, being none, I was content to carve it upon my

heart.' Soon after the parties changed again, and young Mr. Burke came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by my name as if they had known me all my life. Old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place! Ha, ha! Miss Monckton now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making Dr. Johnson sit in a group; upon which she immediately said to him, '—Sir, Miss Burney says you like best to sit in a circle.' 'Does she?' said he, laughing; 'Ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is a writer of romances?' 'Yes, that I do, indeed!' said Miss Monckton, and every one joined in a laugh that put me horribly out of countenance. 'She may write romances and speak truth,' said my dear Sir Joshua, who, as well as young Burke, and Mr. Metcalf, and two strangers, joined now in our little party. 'But, indeed, Dr. Johnson,' said Miss Monckton, 'you must see Mrs. Siddons. Won't you see her in some fine part?' 'Why, if I must, madam, I have no choice.' 'She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you.' 'Madam, that cannot be true.' 'Not true,' cried Miss Monckton, staring, 'yes it is.' 'It cannot be, madam.' 'But she said so to me; I heard her say it myself.' 'Madam, it is not possible! remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability.' Miss Monckton looked all amazement, but insisted upon the truth of what she had said. 'I do not believe, madam,' said he, warmly, 'she knows my name.' 'Oh, that is rating her too low,' said a gentleman stranger. 'By not knowing my name,' continued he, 'I do not mean so literally; but that, when she sees it abused in a newspaper, she may possibly recollect that she has seen it abused in a newspaper before.' 'Well, sir,' said Miss Monckton, 'but you must see her for all this.' 'Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do. The last time I was at a play, I was ordered there by Mrs. Abington, or Mrs. Somebody, I do not well remember who; but I placed myself in the middle of the first row of the front boxes, to show that when I was called I came.'—I felt myself extremely awkward about going away, not choosing as it was my first visit, to take French leave, and hardly knowing how to lead the way alone among so many strangers. At last, and with the last, I made my attempt. A large party of ladies arose at the same time, and I tripped after them; Miss Monckton, however, made me come back, for she said I must else wait in the other room till those ladies' carriages drove away. When I returned Sir Joshua came and desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying, '—Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?' And when he found me stout, he said to Dr. Johnson, '—Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home?' She says I a'n't old enough. I had never said any such thing. 'Ay, sir,' said the Doctor, 'did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?' "

We fear that Miss Burney partook of the Doctor's spite at the Siddons more than she knew. At all events the condescending tone of the following paragraph is delicious:—

"We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said, '—Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping; however, we shall soon gild it.' "

Another character or two, and we must have done for the present:—

"I had afterwards a whispering conversation with

Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chesington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had more, if so much, happiness. 'Well, bless me!' cried she, holding up her hands, 'and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange indeed, for, by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!' 'Mr. Crisp,' said I, 'is, indeed, the only man, but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly.' 'What! and they neither of them married that Mr.—that same gentleman?' 'No, they never married anybody; they are single, and so is he.' 'Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable,' said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly, 'can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time!' There was no answering this but by grinning; but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*. She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord. 'I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me,' she said, 'about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of any body;—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go to dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu; for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her; so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent her own errand-girl; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for, when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers!'—Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord's:—You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only showed the petticoat.'—'I am always,' said she, 'out of luck with Mrs. Ord; for another time when she came there happened to be a great slop on the table; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table; but as she got up stairs before I had put it away, I popped a white handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and, thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone,—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dishcloth in my pocket!'

* * I went this morning with my dear father to Sir John Ashton Lever's, where we could not but be entertained. Sir Ashton came and talked to us a good while. He may be an admirable naturalist, but I think if in other matters you leave the *ist* out, you will not much wrong him. He looks full sixty years old, yet he had dressed not only two young men, but himself, in a green jacket, a round hat, with green feathers, a bundle of arrows under one arm, and a bow in the other, and thus, accoutred as a forester, he pranced about; while the younger fools, who were in the same garb, kept running to and fro in the garden, carefully contriving to shoot at some mark, just as any of the company appeared at any of the windows. After such a specimen of his actions, you will excuse me if I give you none of his conversation."

Copious as our "takings" have been, we leave a mine of anecdotal treasure for another notice.

The Correspondence of Richard Bentley, D.D. London, Murray.

Dr. Bentley, the great literary dictator of his own age, is known to scholars of the present day, chiefly by his dissertations on the pretended epistles of Phalaris, and to general readers, by his having been the subject of some of the wittiest satires of Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope. He was the chief in that circle of scholars who devoted their lives to editing correct texts of the ancient authors, and who brought to their labours habits of minute criticism, combined with extensive erudition, but who were, after all, only pioneers to open the roads for the march of enlightened scholarship. To them a word, a syllable, nay, even a letter, in a disputed passage, assumed an importance greater than the fate of kingdoms:—

'Tis true on words was still their whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At.
To sound or sink in *Cano* O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

A more unreadable collection than the letters of these scholiasts has not appeared in the present generation; it is only fit—

To dim the eyes and stuff the head
With all such learning as was never read.

Still it may be possible to glean some amusing particulars from the collection, of the state of literature in what has been called the English Augustan age, and some personal traits of men who have dwindled down from the giants of their own days to the pigmies of ours. Dr. Bentley first became celebrated by his Boyle Lectures, in which he showed that the Newtonian system of the universe had not the atheistic tendency imputed to it by some divines. This brought the preacher into correspondence with the philosopher, and Sir Isaac readily assisted the Doctor with replies to some of the theological objections made to the theory of gravitation.

The letters of Newton are remarkable, not merely for their vigorous illustration of the evidence of Natural Theology derived from Astronomy, but also for their refutation of the common opinion, that the philosopher had fallen into a state of mental imbecility during the years 1692 & 3, the period in which these letters were written.

Among Bentley's early correspondents, we find Caswell, the mathematician; his principal communication is the Warblington ghost story. The Doctor, we suppose, did not think it worth while to investigate the narrative, however "well authenticated," for we find no subsequent allusion to it.

The greater part of these volumes is occupied by the correspondence between the scholiasts and commentators of the continent, and the English Aristarchus. All the superlatives of the Latin language are exhausted for epithets of extravagant eulogy when they agree. One inscribes his letter to Bentley as "the most illustrious of his age," another as "the morning star

of critics," a third as "the most erudite and pious;" while Kuster, to a whole page of epithets, adds "the most princely of friends." Bentley frequently declares that it was chiefly to foreign scholars he looked for sympathy and support in his learned labours, because little respect was paid to university learning in England. An incident to which he more than once refers in proof of his assertions is, however, rather an illustration of the mode in which the privileges of parliament were sometimes abused, than of the neglect of learning. It is thus described in a letter to Archbishop Tenison:—

"Mr. Hopkins, the bearer of this, a Fellow of Trinity College, and a very useful person in it, having the greatest number of pupils of any one amongst us, is concerned with the Bishop of St. Asaph about a debt owing to him from the Bishop for the education of his two sons there. It seems he was advised to arrest one of the sons; but he was presently set free again as a privileged person, his father declaring him to be his secretary. If no way can be found to oblige them to pay this just debt, it will be a great discouragement to our tutors here. Mr. Hopkins goes now for London for advice, whether by a petition to the House of Lords the Bishop may not be obliged to waive this protection of his son; but this being a matter that concerns a Bishop, he will not take any step in it without the direction of your Grace, whose favour I make bold to recommend him to, that your Grace would bear him give an account of his own case, and tell him your judgment upon it."

This was curiously contrasted with the honours paid by the King of Prussia to the representatives of the University of Cambridge at the Frankfort Jubilee, of which the following account is given by the eccentric Kuster, who by Bentley's influence was a member of the deputation:—

"In this whole solemnity the Deputies of the University of Cambridge were much distinguished from the others, not only by having the upper place, and being entertained separately at dinner and supper from the rest of the other deputies, but also because the king took special notice of them, who was highly pleased with the honour, which the University of Cambridge had shown to this University, by sending their deputies. The third day, or Wednesday, in the morning, the king went away again to Berlin; but we stayed still at Frankfurt, and went down the river Oder in a boat with the other deputies to a certain village, where the University had prepared a noble dinner and supper for us. There we diverted us till about twelve o'clock at night, and went afterwards home again. The University desired us to stay some days longer; but the other gentlemen of Cambridge excused themselves, and so we went to Berlin again the next day. The day before the jubilee we waited in our charlat gowns upon the King, Prince Royal, and Rector Magnificus. Dr. Snape complimented the King, Dr. Penrith the Prince Royal, and Dr. Plomtreee the Rector Magnificus, to whom he delivered also the credential letter from the University of Cambridge."

Kuster's English is rather more unintelligible than his Latin, but several of his letters relate to a source of pecuniary profit, now closed against literary men, the fees for dedications. The following is an admirable specimen of economy in dedications, and the concluding hint about the *honorarium* or "fee," is exquisite:—

"Y have though necessary to write to you in a few lines, that concerning the dedication of Aristoph. Mylord Hallifax hath accepted it. Y did acquaint you before, that there was a friend in London who did offer me his service as for that matter. But though y did thank him for his good-will, and tell him that there was no hast in this matter; he hath for al that, as having, it seems, not received my lettre in time enough, brought the thing about. Y should be mightily pleased, if yours thoughts had fallen upon the same Lord. But now, if you had engaged already with on other, wat to do then? Y know one expedient. You could say, if you please, that y had written to you about twoo dedications,

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that of Aristophanes, and that of the New Edition of Dr. Mills Testament, which y have undertaken; and that by a mistake you had taken one for the other. Y do not doubt but you are wel acquainted with Mylord Halifax, and y should be very glad, if by the first opportunity you would be as kind as to talk to him about the same matter. As for the honorarium, y leave it to Milord's discretion: howsoever, a hint might be given to him about it."

We shall now turn to a specimen of the quarrels that disturbed the scholastic circles, which is further amusing as an illustration of the importance that these men attached to their labours. Le Clerc, editor of the literary journal established in Amsterdam, wrote to Bentley:—

"Though, Reverend sir, I know you to be so occupied by business and literary pursuits, that I should deem it a sacrilege to interrupt them, still a matter has occurred pertaining not less to your fame than to my estimation of it, which I thought it criminal to pass over. For some weeks a report has prevailed throughout Belgium and has increased every day, that you had sent to Burmann, professor at Utrecht, to be edited by him, some animadversions on Menander, in which many and grave errors of mine were exposed. I cannot persuade myself that anything could come from your pen which would grievously injure the fame of a man who has always thought well and spoken most honourably of you; and especially that you should do so for a man notorious for his evil speaking against every body, and particularly for his violence against me."

Le Clerc goes on to threaten vengeance in a most belligerent style, and demands an immediate reply, threatening that he would understand "silence as an answer." Bentley's answer is too long to be translated. He affects to trace the report to Burmann's boasts when in his cups; reminds Le Clerc that in his preface he had invited criticism,—coolly informs him that his edition of Menander was as bad as possible, and offers to supply him privately with a list of two hundred blunders, in order that he might retort on Burmann, should he leave these errors uncorrected; and refers to the challenge with a threat that he would give Le Clerc as much reason to lament an attack, as Turnus had to regret his slaughter of Pallas. Le Clerc got frightened, and we can find no trace of his having replied to the Animadversions: Bentley, however, expected he would do so:—

"We expect to have the Amsterdam Book by the next occasion: but for the answer, I shall leave that to Burmann; for I suppose I can do business *semel*, and need not give a second blow."

Bentley's great contests, however, as the reader probably well knows, was with the members of his college (Trinity, Cambridge); he found himself opposed by the Senior Fellows, whom he describes in his own peculiar style:—

"These very Seniors that were thus asked, are such a parcel of stupid drunken Sots, that the like are not in the whole kingdom: they are the Scab, the Ulcers, the Abhorrence of the whole University. Pray ask Mr. Paul Foley (if you know him), who has been here the last week, what their Characters are, even among their own party. I must own my Indignation to see Majesty, and Power, and Right, have the least regard or consideration for such cabbage-stalks."

A proposed critical edition of the New Testament had nearly opened the controversy respecting the disputed text of the Three Witnesses (John I., epistle V. 7), which was so fiercely contested by biblical critics some twenty years ago. Bentley's reply, when pressed hard on the subject, is very creditable to his good sense:—

"In my proposed work, the fate of that verse will be a mere question of fact. You endeavour to prove, (and that's all you aspire to,) that it may have been writ by the Apostle, being consonant to his other doctrine. This I concede to you; and if the fourth century knew that text, let it come in, in God's name; but if that age did not know it, then Arianism in its height was beat down without the help of that verse: and let the fact prove as it will, the doctrine is unshaken."

We must here conclude our notice; the letters collected fully maintain Bentley's high character for erudition, but even to classical students, they cannot have much interest, as most of his labours were bestowed on such writers as Suidas, Julius Pollux, Hesychius and Manilius. Many of his emendations of the poetic fragments scattered through these authors are very happy, but others belong to

The mighty scholast, whose unwear'd pains
Made Horace dull and humbled Milton's strains.

The editor has bestowed great care on the work, and has on the whole performed his duty well: from one of his opinions we must record our dissent,—he wishes to revive the fashion of scholars corresponding in Latin. The voluminous specimens before us, lead us to hope that no such attempt will ever be made. Fully one-half of every letter is composed of what Aristophanes calls *ρηυαθ' ιπποζαμωνα*, or "bad prose on horseback."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Father John, or Cromwell in Ireland, by S. C. A.—A controversial novel is generally stupid as a fiction, and inconclusive as an argument; the story must be framed so as to evolve opinions instead of actions—the reasoning is set free from the rules of logic, and allowed to avail itself of every artifice and device which the writer's ingenuity can suggest. The author of such a work has provided a shelter against all opposition, the "quidlibet audiendi potestas" universally conceded to novelists and poets, for there is no replying to the plea—

"Adzooks, must one swear to the truth of a song?"

There are so many temptations to abuse this privilege, that we are not surprised to find the writer of *Father John* a little disposed to grace her history with some of the flourishes of fiction, while, in return, she occasionally bestows upon her fiction the tameness of history. Independent of religious controversy and political partizanship, she has, however, selected a theme, the interesting mental and moral analysis of which might have been worked out with powerful effect. The foundation of the story is the mental agony of a Roman Catholic priest, to whom the facts of a murder have been intrusted under the seal of confession, and who sees an innocent man on the point of suffering for the deed without being able to rescue him, on account of his sacramental obligation to secrecy. A similar incident has furnished Carleton with one of his most powerful stories. If the authoress had limited her controversial reasoning to expose the perils of confession, or at least of its sacramental character, she might have produced an exciting and valuable elucidation of the workings of an ingenious mind under the pressure of such a system; but she has extended her views to all the questions mooted in the Irish Civil War of 1641, when there were five hostile parties in arms against each other, to say nothing of subdivisions in these parties, scarcely less hostile. In the story, and in the extracts from history contained in this volume, these parties are jumbled together in inextricable confusion; the writer is resolved to see only Protestants and Papists, including under the latter designation the three great divisions of the Irish Catholics of that day, of which, two were as strongly opposed to the papal nuncio, as they were to Cromwell himself. This has led her into some whimsical mistakes; she supposes that those who describe the proceedings of the Lords of the Pale and the great bulk of the Southern Catholics as moderate in their views and attached to the royal cause, deny that any excesses or outrages were committed by the Northern Irish; she confounds the exposure of an exaggeration with an absolute denial of the fact exaggerated; and, finally, she describes the opposition which Cromwell encountered as a continuation of the war against the King. It is to be regretted that the lady did not pay a little more attention to the state of the country and age she attempted to pourtray, for there are passages in the work which are creditable to her imaginative powers; but they want that historic consistency, which a deficiency, either in research or judgment, has prevented her from giving to the work.

Medical Advice to the Indian Stranger, by John M'Cosh, M.D.—It is sometimes easier to write a book, than to discover a fitting title for it, when written. In the present instance, it would have been better had the title run, 'Advice to the Medical Stranger;' for the work is addressed to those entering India in the capacity of medical officers, and for the most part, the volume turns upon the conduct and interests of that class of persons. We do not mean to say that there is not, scattered up and down, a good deal of matter which it is important to any settler in India to possess; but the writer being himself professional, and most interested in those particulars which concern professional men, has devoted the greater part of his labour to illustrating those special subjects. The work opens with a brief account of the Indian Government, the regulations of the medical service and position of its officers, of medical institutions, native doctors, provident funds, &c. It then takes the young man up on the receipt of his appointment, debates the preparations for the voyage, the voyage itself, and the arrival in India, describing the most necessary particulars of usage, society, &c.; and then enters upon the consideration of climate, sanatory and prudential habits, clothing, diet, travelling, military life, medical duty, the local scenes of retirement for the recovery of health, and sick-leave; and, finally, it reviews the various foreign stations usually resorted to in the more desperate cases, by invalids, with the special consequences attached to such temporary absences from duty, under the several circumstances of each. It is a work of an eminently practical character, and, we should think, will prove acceptable to young men about to embark in the service of the H.E.I. Company. The observations are marked by a vein of rough good sense, and may be often valuable beyond the meridian for which they are calculated. There are some instances of false taste, or ambitious writing, and of hazardous assertion. What is meant, for instance, by sleeping "under no other covering than the light of the moon"? or, again, by malaria being more potent at "new and full moon"? There seems a contradiction in this affirmation, even if the moon has anything to do with the matter. Some attention should be given to clear the work of such blemishes, in the event of its going to a second edition. Here we should have closed our remarks, but that the following brief passage struck us forcibly:—

"Flogging has, for some years, been ABOLISHED, as a punishment, in the native army, though still RETAINED IN THE CHRISTIAN!"—p. 110.

As the observation is unaccompanied by any statement of ill resulting from the innovation, we must either draw an inference against Christian morals, or against the indifference and carelessness of those in power, who thus leave the European subject to an unnecessary disgrace in the presence of the native. At all events, the fact is curious.

Considerations on the Present Condition of the Waldenses.—This is a brief and apparently an authentic account of the persecutions renewed against the remnant of the Waldenses in Piedmont. The writer has treated the subject with a calmness and temper well calculated to attract attention to his statements.

Annual of the Grand Caledonian Curling Club, for 1842.—Curling is the national game of Scotland—of the Lowlands we should say, for we believe it is only of late years that it has been introduced into the Highlands. It is a fine manly game, and those who agree with us, and desire to add it to the healthy amusements of the English people, cannot do better than consult this Annual, which contains the laws and regulations laid down by the Caledonian Club, a brief history of the game, reports of matches, songs, anecdotes, and numberless other matters relating to the subject, and interesting to all who delight in the sport.

The Four Reformed Parliaments, compiled by C. E. Lewis.—This is a record of all elections since the passing of the Reform Bill, with the number of electors on the register at each election, and of the numbers polled by the several candidates—with a comparative view of the last four general elections, &c.

Rational Reading Lessons.—The rationality consists in omitting certain words in a sentence, which the child is expected to supply from the context. The irrationality, which also belongs to the book, is the injudicious selection of subjects, which is one of the worst we have seen.

List of New Books.—The True State of the National Finances, by Samuel Wells, Esq., Barrister-at Law, 12mo. 6s. cl.—The True Law of Population, by T. Doubleday, Esq., 8vo. 6s. cl.—The Theory of Taste, by Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart., 18mo. 3s. cl.—Bentham's (Jeremy) Works, Part XIX., containing Memoir, royal 8vo. 2s. cl.—The Principles and Objects of National Education exemplified in a Proposed Plan for a Normal School, by O. de B. Prialux, M.A., 8vo. 6s. bds.—Questions Mosaeicæ, or the Book of Genesis compared with the Remains of Ancient Religions, by O. de B. Prialux, M.A., 8vo. 6s. cl.—Blackwood's Standard Novels, Vol. V., "Cyril Thornton," 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Miss Burney's Diary, Vol. II., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean, by Lieut.-Col. Napier, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. cl.—Letters from the Shores of the Baltic, 2nd edit. with etchings, 2 vols. post 8vo. 20s. cl.—London, Vol. II., imp. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Cakes and Ale, by Douglas Jerrold, illustrated by George Cruikshank, 2 vols. 15s. cl.—Characteristics of Painters, by Henry Reeve, Esq., 8vo. 4s. cl.—Translations from the German, in Prose and Verse, by H. Reeve, Esq., and J. E. Taylor, Esq., 6s. 2d. cl.—Arcabold's Bankrupt Law, by Flather, 8th edit. 1s. 1s. bds.—Byron's Poetical Works, Complete, royal 8vo. 15s. cl.—Lord Campbell's Speeches at the Bar and in the House of Commons, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Christian's Dispensary, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Truth without Prejudice, small 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Maugham's Outlines of the Law of Real Property, 12mo. 10s. cl.—Strong's Greece as a Kingdom, post 8vo. 15s. cl.—The Holy Bible, with Girdlestone's Commentary, 6 vols. 8vo. 5s. 8s. cl.—Girdlestone's Commentary on the Old Testament, Part VIII., concluding the work, 8vo. 9s. cl.; Vol. IV., 8vo. 18s. cl.—Doane's (Bishop of New Jersey) Sermons, 8vo. 18s. cl.—Alford's (Rev. H.) Hulsean Lectures for 1841, 8vo. 7s. cl.—The Child's Christian Year, new edit. with woodcuts, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Calcott's Ancient and Modern Psalm and Hymn Tunes, new edit., square, crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Green's (Rev. T. S.) Treatise on the Grammar of the New Testament's Dialect, 8vo. 10s. cl.—A Fac-simile Reprint of the Celebrated Geneva Testament, 1557, with the Marginal References, &c., 12mo. 8s. cl.—The Great Commission, by the Rev. J. Harris, D.D., royal 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Macartney on the Book of Ruth, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS. (Continued from p. 190.)

PASSING rapidly into the fourth century, we would offer our earliest homage to Gregory Nazianzen.

"That name must ever be to us a friend," when the two Apolinarii cross our path and intercept the "all hail." Apolinarius the grammarian, formerly of Alexandria, held the office of presbyter in the church of Laodicean, and his son Apolinarius, an accomplished rhetorician, that of reader, an ancient ecclesiastical office, in the same church. This younger Apolinarius was a man of indomitable energies and most practical inferences; and when the edict of Julian forbade to the Christians the study of Grecian letters, he, assisted perhaps by his father's hope and hand, stood strong in the gap, not in the attitude of supplication, not with the gesture of consolation, but in power and sufficiency to fill up the void and baffle the tyrant. Both father and son were in the work, by some testimony; the younger Apolinarius standing out, by all, as the chief worker, and only one in any extensive sense. "Does Julian deny us Homer?" said the brave man in his armed soul—"I am Homer!" and straightway he turned the whole Biblical history, down to Saul's accession, into Homeric hexameters,—dividing the work, so as to clench the identity of first and second Homers, into twenty-four books, each superscribed by a letter of the alphabet, and the whole acceptable, according to the expression of Sozomen, *ἀντὶ τῆς ὁμοιοῦς ποιήσεως*, in the place of Homer's poetry. "Does Julian deny us Euripides?" said Apolinarius again—"I am Euripides!" and up he sprang,—as good a Euripides (who can doubt it?) as he ever was a Homer. "Does Julian forbid us Menander?" Pindar?—Plato?—I am Menander!—I am Pindar!—I am Plato! And comedies, lyrics, philosophies, flowed fast at the word; and the gospels and epistles adapted themselves naturally to the rules of Socratic disputation. A brave man, forsooth, was our Apolinarius of Laodicean, and literally a man of men—for, observe, says Sozomen, with a venerable innocence, at which the gravest may smile gravely,—as at a doubtlet worn awry at the council of Nice,—that the old authors did each man his own work, whereas this Apolinarius did every man's work in addition to his own—and so admirably,—intimates the ecclesiastical critic,—that if it were not for the common prejudice in favour of antiquity, no ancient could be missed in the all-comprehensive representativeness of the Laodicean writer. So excellent was his ability, to "out-bare the stars in several kinds of light," besides the Cæsar! Whether Julian, naturally mortified to witness this germination of illustrious heads under the very iron of his searing, vowed vengeance against the Hydra-spirit, by the sacred memory of the animation

of his own beard, we do not exactly know. To embitter the wrong, Apolinarius sent him a treatise upon truth—a confutation of the pagan doctrine, apart from the scriptural argument—the Emperor's notice of which is both worthy of his Cæsarship, and a good model-notice for all sorts of critical dignities. *Ἀνεγνων εὐγνω κατέγνω*, is the Greek of it; so that, turning from the letter to catch something of the point, we may write it down—"I have perused, I have mused, I have abused"—which provoked as imperious a retort—"Thou mayest have perused, but thou hast not mused—for hadst thou mused, thou wouldst not have abused." Brave Laodicean!

Apolinarius's laudable double of Greek literature has perished, the reader will be concerned to hear, from the face of the earth, being, like other *lunas*, or marvels, or monsters, brief of days. One only tragedy remains, with which the memory of Gregory Nazianzen has been right tragically affronted, and which Gregory,—*ὡς τις αἰσθασίς*, as he said of Constantine,—would cast off with the scorn and anger befitting an Apolinarian heresy. For Apolinarius, besides being an epist, dramatist, lyricist, philosopher, and rhetorician, was, we are sorry to add, in the eternal bustle of his soul, a heretic,—possibly for the advantage of something additional to do. He not only intruded into the churches hymns which were not authorized, being his own composition—so that reverend brows grew dark to hear women with musical voices sing them softly to the turning of their distaff,—but he fell into the heresy of denying a human soul to the perfect man, and of leaving the Divinity in bare combination with the Adamic dust. No wonder that a head so beset with many thoughts and individualities should at last turn round!—that eyes rolling in fifty fine phrenzies of twenty-five fine poets should at last turn blind!—that a determination to rival all geniuses should be followed by a disposition more baleful in its exercise, to understand "all mysteries"! Nothing can be plainer than the step after step, whereby, through excess of vain glory and morbid mental activity, Apolinarius, the vice poet of Greece, subsided into Apolinarius the chief heretic of Christendom.

To go back sighingly to the tragedy, where we shall have to sigh again—the only tragedy left to us of all the tragic works of Apolinarius (but we do not sigh for that)—let no voice evermore attribute it to Gregory Nazianzen. How could Mr. Alford do so, however hesitatingly, in his "Chapters," attaching to it, without the hesitation, a charge upon the writer, whether Gregory or another man, that he, whoever he was, had of his own free will and choice, destroyed the old Greek originals out of which his tragedy was constructed, and left it a monument of their sacrifice as of the blood on his barbarian hand? The charge passes, not only before a breath, but before its own breath. The tragedy is, in fact, a specimen of *centoism*, which is the adaptation of the phraseology of one work to the construction of another; and we have only to glance at it to perceive the Medea of Euripides, dislocated into the CHRISTUS PATIENS. Instead of the ancient opening—

Oh, would ship Argo had not sailed away
To Cholchos by the rough Symplegades!
Nor ever had been felled in Pelion's grove
The pine, hewn for her side! * *

So she, my queen
Medea, had not touched this fatal shore,
Soul-struck by love of Jason!

Apolinarius opens it thus—

Oh, would the serpent had not glided along
To Eden's garden-lane—nor ever had
The crafty dragon planned in that grove
A slimy snare! So she, rib-born of man,
The wretched misled mother of our race,
Had dared not to dare on beyond worst daring,
Soul-struck by love of—apples!

"Let us alone for keeping our countenance"—and at any rate we are bound to ask gravely of Mr. Alford's *the Medea destroyed?*—and if not, did the author of the 'Christus Patiens' destroy his originals?—and if not, may we not say of Mr. Alford's charge against that author, "O, would he had not made it!" So far from Apolinarius being guilty of destroying his originals, it was his reverence for them which struggled with the edict of the persecutor, and accomplished this dramatic adventure!—and this adventure, the only remaining specimen of his adventurousness, may help us to the secret of his wonderful fertility and omnirepresentativeness, which is probably this—that the great majority of his works,

tragic, comic, lyric, and philosophic, consisted simply of *centos*. Yet we pray for justice to Apolinarius: we pray for honour to his motives and energies. Without pausing to inquire whether it had been better and wiser to let poetry and literature depart at once before the tyranny of the edict, than to drag them back by the hair into attitudes grotesquely ridiculous—better and wiser for the Greek Christian schools to let them forego altogether the poems of their Euripides, than adapt to the meek sorrows of the tender Virgin-mother, the bold, bad, cruel phrenzy of Medea, in such verses as these—

She howls out ancient oaths, invokes the faith
Of pledged right hands, and calls for witness, God!

—we pray straightforwardly for justice and honour to the motives and energies of Apolinarius. "Oh, would that" many lived now, as appreciative of the influences of poetry on our schools and country, so impatient of their contraction, as self-devoted in the great work of extending them! There remains of his poetical labours, besides the tragedy, a translation of David's Psalms into "heroic verse," which the writer of these remarks has not seen,—and of which those critics, who desire to deal gently with Apolinarius, seem to begin their indulgence by doubting the authenticity.

It is pleasant to turn shortly round, and find ourselves face to face, not with the author of 'Christus Patiens,' but with one antagonistic both to his poetry and his heresy, Gregory Nazianzen. A noble and tender man was this Gregory, and so tender, because so noble; a man to lose no cubit of his stature for being looked at steadfastly, or struck at reproachfully. "You may cast me down," he said, "from my bishop's throne, but you cannot banish me from before God's." And bishop as he was, his saintly crown stood higher than his tiara, and his loving martyr-smile, the crown of a nature more benign than his fortune, shone up toward both. Son of the bishop of Nazianzen, and holder of the diocese which was his birthplace, previous to his elevation to the level of the storm in the bishopric of Constantinople, little did he care for bishoprics or high places of any kind,—the desire of his soul being for solitude, quietude, and that silent religion, which should "rather be than seem." But his father's head bent whitely before him, even in the chamber of his brother's death,—and Basil, his beloved friend, the "half of his soul," pressed on him with the weight of love, and Gregory feeling their tears upon his cheeks, did not count his own, but took up the priestly office. Poor Gregory! not merely as a priest, but as a man, he had a sighing life of it. His student days at Athens, where he and Basil read together poems and philosophies and holier things, or talked low and *misogogonically* of their fellow student Julian's bearded boding smile, were his happiest days. He says of himself,

As many stones

Were thrown at me, as other men had flowers.

Nor was persecution the worst evil. For friend after friend, beloved after beloved, passed away from before his face, and the voice which charmed them living, spoke brokenly beside their graves—his funeral orations marked severally the wounds of his heart,—and his genius served, as genius often does, to lay an emphasis on his grief. The passage we shall venture to translate, is rather a cry than a song—

Where are my winged words? Dissolved in air.
Where is my flower of youth? All withered. Where
My glory? Vanished! Where the strength I knew
From comely limbs? Disease hath changed it too.
And bent them. Where the riches and the land's—
GOD NATH RUM! Yes, and sinners' matching hands
Have grinded the rest. Where is my father, mother,
And where my blessed sister, my sweet brother?—
Gone to the grave!—There did remain for me
Alone my fatherland, till destiny,
Malignly stirring a black tempest, drove
My foot from that last rest. And now I rove
Estranged and desolate a foreign shore,
And drag my mournful life and age all hour
Throned and cityless, and children save
This father-care for children, which I have,
Living from day to day on wandering feet.
Where shall I cast this body? What will greet
My sorrows with an end? What gentle ground
And hospitable grave will wrap me round?
Who last my dying eye-lids stoop to close—
Some saint, the Saviour's friend? or one of those
Who do not know him?—The air interpose,
And scatter these words too.

Thereupon the first thought is highly pathetic, and there is a restlessness of anguish about the whole passage, which consecrates it with the cross of

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nature. His happy Athenian associations gave a colour, unwashed out by tears, to his mind and works. Half apostolical he was, and half scholastical; and while he mused, on his bishop's throne, upon the mystic tree of twelve fruits, and the shining of the river of life, he carried, as Milton did, with a gentle and not ungraceful distraction, both hands full of green trailing branches from the banks of the Cephissus, nay, from the very plane-tree which Socrates sat under with Phædrus, when they two talked about beauty to the rising and falling of its leaves. As an orator, he was greater, all must feel if some do not think, than his contemporaries—and the "golden mouth" might confess it meekly. Erasmus compares him to Isocrates, but the *unlikeness* is obvious. Gregory was not excellent at an artful blowing of the pipes. He spoke grandly, as the wind does, in gusts; and as, in a mighty wind, which combines unequal noises, the creaking of trees and rude swinging of doors, as well as the sublime sovereign rush along the valleys, we gather the idea from his eloquence, less of music than of power. Not that he is cold as the wind is—the metaphor goes no further: Gregory cannot be cold, even by disfavour of his antithetic points. He is various in his oratory, full and rapid in allusion, briefly graphic in metaphor, equally sufficient for indignation or pathos, and gifted peradventure with a keener dagger of sarcasm than should hang in a saint's girdle. His orations against Julian have all these characteristics, but they are not poetry, and we must pass down lower, and quite over his beautiful letters, to Gregory the poet.

He wrote *thirty thousand verses*, among which are several long poems, severely defective in a defect common but not necessary to short occasional poems, and lamentable anywhere, a want of unity and completeness. The excellencies of his prose are transcribed, with whatever faintness, in his poetry—the exaltation, the devotion, the sweetness, the pathos, even to the playing of satirical power about the graver meanings. But although noble thoughts break up the dulness of the groundwork,—although, with the instinct of greater poets, he bares his heart in his poetry, and the heart is worth baring, still monotony of construction without unity of intention is the most wearisome of monotones, and, except in the case of a few short poems, we find it everywhere in Gregory. The lack of variety is extended to the cadences, and the pauses fall stiffly "*come corpo morto cade*." Melodious lines we have often: harmonious passages scarcely ever—the music turning heavily on its own axle, as inadequate to living evolution. The poem on his own life ('*De vitâ suâ*') is, in many places, interesting and affecting, yet faulty with all these faults. The poem on Celibacy, which state is commended by Gregory as becometh a bishop, has occasionally graphic touches, but is dull enough generally to suit the fairest spinster's view of that melancholy subject. If Hercules could have read it, he must have rested in the middle—from which the reader is entreated to forbear the inference that the poem has not been read through by the writer of the present remarks, seeing that that writer marked the grand concluding moment with a white stone, and laid up the memory of it among the chief triumphs, to say nothing of the fortunate deliverances, *vita sua*. In Gregory's elegiac poems, our ears, at least, are better contented, because the sequence of pentameter to hexameter necessarily excludes the various cadence which they yearn for under other circumstances. His anacrostics are sometimes nobly written, with a certain brave recklessness as if the thoughts despised the measure—and we select from this class a specimen of his poetry, both because three of his hymns have already appeared in the *Athenæum*, and because the anacreontic in question includes to a remarkable extent, the various qualities we have attributed to Gregory, not omitting that play of satirical humour with which he delights to ripple the abundant flow of his thoughts. The writer, though also a translator, feels less misgiving than usual in offering to the reader, in such English as is possible, this spirited and beautiful poem.

Soul and Body.

What wilt thou possess or be?
O my soul, I ask of thee.
What of great, or what of small,
Counted precious therewithal?
Be it only rare, and want it,
I am ready, soul, to grant it.

Wilt thou choose to have and hold
Lydian Gyges' charm of old,
So to rule us with a ring,
Turning round the jewelled thing,
Hidden by its face concealed,
And revealed by it's revealed?—
Or preferest Midas' fate?—
He who died in golden state,
All things being changed to gold?
Of a golden hunger dying,
Through a surfeit of "would I"ing!
Wilt thou have feasts brightly cold?
Or may fertile acres please?
Or the sheep of many a fold,
Camels, oxen, for the world?
Nay!—I will not give thee these!
These to take thou hast not will—
These to give I have not skill—
Since I cast earth's cares abroad,
That day when I turned to God.

Wouldst a throne,—a crown sublime,
Bubble blown upon the time?
So thou mayest sit to-morrow
Looking downward in meek sorrow,
Some one walking by thee scornful,
Who adored thee yester morning.
Some malign one?—Wilt be bound
Fast in marriage? (Joy unsound!)
And be turned round and round
As the time turns? Wilt thou catch it,
That sweet sickness? and to match it
Have labours by the hearth, bewildering?
And if I tell thee the best children
Are none—what answer?

Wilt thou thunder
Thy rhetorics—move the people under?
Covetest to sell the laws
With no justice in thy cause,
And bear on, or else be borne,
Before tribunals worthy scorn?
Wilt thou shake a javelin rather
Breathing war? or wilt thou gather
Garlands from the wrestler's ring?
Or kill beasts for glorying?
Covetest the city's shout,
And to be in brass struck out?
Cravest thou that shade of dreaming,
Passing air of shifting seeming,
Rushing of a printless arrow,
Clapping echo of an hand?
What to those who understand
Are to-day's enjoyments narrow,
Which to-morrow go again,—
Which are shared with evil men,—
And of which no man in his dying
Taketh aught for softer lying?
What then wouldst thou, if thy mood
Choose not these? what wilt thou be,
O my soul? a deity?
A God before the face of God,
Standing glorious in his glories,
Choral in his angels' chorus?

Go! upon thy wing arise,
Plumed by quick energies,
Mount in circles up the skies:
And I will bless thy winged passion,
Help with words thine exaltation,
And, like a bird of rapid feather,
Outlaunch thee, Soul, upon the æther.

But thou, O fleshly nature, say,
Thou with odours from the clay,
Since thy presence I must have
As a lady with a slave,
What wouldst thou possess or be,
That thy breath may stay with thee?
Nay! I owe thee nought beside,
Though thine hands be open wide.
Would a table suit thy wishes,
Fragrant with sweet oils and dishes
Wrought to subtle niceness? where
Stringed music strokes the air,
And by the hand-clappings, and the smooth
Fine postures of the tender youth
And virgins wheeling through the dance
With an unveiled countenance,—
Joys for drinkers, who love shame,
And the maddening wine-cup's flame?—
Wilt thou such, how'er desired?—
Take them,—and a rope beside!

Nay! this boon I give instead,
Unto friend insatiate,—
May some rocky house receive thee,
Self-roofed, to conceal thee chiefly;
Or if labour there must lurk,
Be it by a short day's work!
And for garment, camel's hair,
As the righteous clothed were,
Clothe thee! or the bestial skin,
Adam's bareness hid within,—
Or some green thing from the way,
Leaf of herb, or branch of vine,
Swelling, purpling as it may,
Fearless to be drunk for wine!
Spread a table there beneath thee,
Which a sweetness shall up-breathe thee,
And which the dearest earth is giving,
Simple present to all living!
When that we have placed thee near it,
We will feed thee with glad spirit.
Wilt thou eat? soft, take the bread,
Oaten cake, if that be bested—
Salt will season all aright,
And thine own good appetite,

Which we measure not, nor fetter:
'Tis an uncooked condiment,
Famine's self the only better.
Wilt thou drink? why here doth bubble
Water from a cup unspent,
Followed by no tipsy trouble,
Pleasure sacred from the grape!
Wilt thou have it in some shape
More like luxury? we are
No grudgers of wine-vinegar!
But if all will not suffice thee,
And thou covetest to draw
In that pitcher with a flaw,
Brimful pleasures heaven denies thee!
Go, and seek out, by that sign,
Other help than this of mine!
For me, I have not leisure so
To warn thee, sweet, my household foe,
Until, like a serpent frozen,
New-maddened with the heat, thou loosen
Thy rescued fang within mine heart!

Wilt have measureless delights
Of gold-roofed palaces, and sights
From pictured or from sculptured art,
With motion near their life; and splendour
Of bas-relief, with tracery tender,
And varied and contrasted hues?
Wilt thou have, as nobles use,
Brodered robes to flow about thee?
Jewelled fingers? Need we doubt thee?
Gauds for which the wise will flout thee?
I most, who of all beauty know,
It must be inward, to be so!

And thus I speak to mortals low,
Living for the hour, and o'er
Its shadow, seeing nothing more!
But for those of nobler bearing,
Who live more worthily of wearing
A portion of the heavenly nature—
To low estate of clay creature,
See, I bring the beggar's meed,
Nutriment beyond the need!
O, beholder of the Lord,
Prove on me the flaming sword!
Be mine husbandman, to nourish
Holy plants, that words may flourish
Of which mine enemy would spoil me,
Using pleasure-mould to foll me!
Lead me closer to the tree
Of all life's eternity;
Which, as I have pondered, is
The knowledge of God's greatness:
Light of One, and shine of Three,
Unto whom all things that be
Flow and tend!

In such a guise,
Whoever on the earth is wise,
Will speak unto himself,—and who
Such inner converse would eschew,
We say perforce of that poor wight,
"He lived in vain!" and if aright,
It is not the worst word we might.

Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, was beloved and much appreciated by Gregory, and often mentioned in his writings. Few of the works of Amphilochius are extant, and of these only one is a poem. It is a didactic epistle to Seleucus, 'On the Right Direction of his Studies and Life,' and has been attributed to Gregory Nazianzen by some writers upon very inadequate evidence,—that adduced (the similar phraseology which conveys, in this poem and a poem of Gregory's, the catalogue of canonical scriptures) being as easily explained by the imitation of one poet, as by the identity of two. They differ, moreover, upon ground more important than phraseology: Amphilochius appearing to reject, or, at least, to receive doubtfully, Jude's epistle, and the Second of Peter. And there is a harsh force in the whole poem, which does not remind us of our Nazianzen, while it becomes, in the course of dissuading Seleucus from the amusements of the amphitheatre, graphic and effective. We hear, through the description, the grinding of the tigers' teeth, the sympathy of the people with the tigers showing still more savage.

They sit unknowing of these agonies,
Spectators at a show. When a man flies
From a beast's jaw, they groan, as if at least
They missed the ravenous pleasure, like the beast,
And sat there vainly. When in the next spring,
The victim is attained, and, uttering
The deep roar or quick shriek between the fangs,
Beats on the dust the passion of his pangs,
All pity dyeth in their glaring look—
They clap to see the blood run like a brook:
They stare with hungry eyes, which tears should fill,
And cheer the beasts on with their soul's good will;
And wish more victims to their maw, and urge
And lash their fury, as they shared the surge,
Gnashing their teeth, like beasts, on flesh of men.

There is an appalling reality in this picture. The epistle consists of 333 lines, which we mention specifically, because the poet takes advantage of the circumstance to illustrate or enforce an important theological doctrine:—

Three hundred lines, three decads, monads three,
Comprise my poem. Love the Trinity.

It would be almost a pain, and quite a regret, to pass from this fourth century, without speaking a word which belongs to it—a word which rises to our lips, a word worthy of honour—HELIODORUS. Though a bishop and an imaginative writer, his 'ÆTHIOPIA' has no claim on our attention, either by right of Christianity or poetry; and yet we may be pardoned on our part for love's sake, and on account of the false position into which, by negligence of readers or insufficiency of translators, his beautiful romance has fallen, if we praise it heartily and faithfully even here. Our tears praised it long ago—our recollection does so now—and its own pathetic eloquence and picturesque descriptiveness are ripe for any praise. It has, besides, a vivid Arabian Night charm, almost as charming as Scheherazade herself, suggestive of an Arabian Night story drawn out "in many a winding bout," and not merely on the ground of extemporaneous loving and methodical (must we say it?) lying. In good sooth—no, not in good sooth, but in evil leasing—every hero and heroine of them all, from Abou Hassan to "the divine Chariclea," does lie most vehemently and abundantly by gift of nature and choice of author, whether bishop or sultana. "It is," as Pepys observes philosophically of the comparative destruction of gin-shops and churches in the Great Fire of London, "pretty to observe" how they all lie. And although the dearest of story-tellers, our own Chaucer, has told us that "some leasing is, of which there cometh none advantage to no wight," even that species is used by them magnanimously in its turn, for the bare glory's sake, and without caring for the "advantage." With equal liberality, but more truth, we write down the bishop of Tricca's romance *charming*, and wish the charm of it (however we may be out of place in naming him among poets,) upon any poet who has not yet felt it, and whose eyes, giving honour, may wander over these Remarks. The poor bishop thought as well of his book as we do, perhaps better; for when commanded, under ecclesiastical censure, to burn it or give up his bishopric, he gave up the bishopric. And who blames Heliodorus? He thought well of his romance; he was angry with those who did not; he was weak with the love of it. Let whosoever blames, speak low. Romance-writers are not educated for martyrs, and the exacted martyrdom was very very hard. Think of that English bishop who burnt his hand by an act of volition—only his hand, and which was sure to be burnt afterwards; and how he was praised for it! Heliodorus had to do with a dearer thing—handwriting, not hands. Authors will pardon him, if bishops do not.

Nonnus of Panopolis, the poet of the DIONYSIACA, a work of some twenty-two thousand verses, on some twenty-two thousand subjects, shaken together, *fourished*, as people say of many a dry-rooted soul, at the commencement of the fifth century. He was converted from paganism, but we are sorry to make the melancholy addition, that he never was converted from the 'Dionysiaca.' The only Christian poem we owe to him—a paraphrase, in hexameters, of the apostle John's gospel—does all that a bald verbosity and an obscure tautology can do or undo, to quench the divinity of that divine narrative. The two well-known words, bearing on their brief vibration the whole passion of a world saved through pain from pain, are thus *traded*:—

They answered him,
"Come and behold." Then Jesus himself groaned,
Dropping strange tears from eyes unused to weep.
"Unused to weep!" Was it so of the man of sorrows? O, obtuse poet! We had translated the opening passage of the Paraphrase, and laid it by for transcription, but are repelled. Enough is said. Nonnus was never converted from the DIONYSIACA.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We are indebted to Dr. W. Hughes Willshire for the following extract from a letter just received from Mr. Willshire, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Mogadore, bearing date the 5th of February, 1842. It contains some interesting information relating to *Abou Bekr*, who accompanied the late Mr. Davidson in his attempt to penetrate into the interior of Africa:—

"In my last, I noticed your remarks about poor *Abou*, little thinking I should so soon afterwards learn some certain information about him. Five days ago an Arab came to my house to dispose of three loads

of gum *Soudan*, and as he looked *Soudanie*, I inquired of him if he had been at Timbuctoo, and, as I expected, he replied yes, and that he left that city in January 1841, and was fifty-five days on the journey across the desert. On inquiry, I found him well informed of all the circumstances relating to the murder of my ever lamented friend Mr. Davidson, confirming, in every respect, all previously reported about his melancholy fate. On asking about *Abou Bekr* he informed me he had seen and conversed with him, that he was residing at *El Hamdu-li-lahi*,* much esteemed and revered as a great *Marabout*, or saint, and was always engaged in reading, which we know is the best way to support that character. That he knew *Abou* from the difference in his pronunciation of the Arabic, and from his dialect being mixed with phrases of *Rîmî* (or Christian). The Arab informed me he intends to return to Timbuctoo next autumn, and for a reward of 100 dollars he has promised to be the bearer of a letter to *Abou*, and to bring me a letter from him. A place called *Footah* is the nearest port from whence *Abou* (if so inclined) could embark to return to Europe, but from what the Arab told me he has no wish to do so, but, on the contrary, prefers remaining at *El Hamdu-li-lahi* to pass the remainder of his days in studying the Koran."

Mr. Parker has just announced the following works as in the press, and some of them nearly ready for publication. 'The Life of Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, with copious extracts from his Diaries and Correspondence,' by his niece, Mrs. J. Milner—'Life and Correspondence of the late Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., from documents bequeathed by him for the purpose,' by Mr. Bransby B. Cooper—'The War in Syria,' by Sir Charles Napier—'Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and Armenia,' by W. F. Ainsworth—and 'Rambles and Researches in Thuringian Saxony,' &c., by J. F. Stanford. We add with much pleasure, that the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' which has more than once received our commendation, and is, we observe, so highly and so deservedly praised in the last number of the *North American Review*, is so near completion, that the Editor announces 'A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology,' the first part to appear in October, and hereafter 'A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.' Together, these will form a most valuable addition to the library of the classical student. Lemprière's Dictionary was, at the time published, an acceptable and a creditable work, but it has long been far below the requirements of the age, and no mere emendations or additions could essentially remedy the defect.

It is with pleasure that we notice Mr. Charles Dickens's manly appeal to the justice of America in the matter of Copyright, at the dinner given at Boston in his honour. Let the Press of the United States take it in dudgeon if it please, and, as it is said, it has done;—it was a word in season, and the spirit that suggested it was worthy of his country. We, however, must here "speak by the card." Many of the most influential minds and journals in the United States have heretofore earnestly and zealously advocated the cause of justice; and many we know see clearly enough, that it is a question in which America itself is deeply interested—that the country never can have an established body of distinguished literary men, or a national literature, so long as its piratical publishers are at liberty to run against them in the market, at the mere cost of paper and print, the best works published in Europe. See some excellent observations on this subject by the late Timothy Flint, in his review of American Literature furnished to the *Athenæum* in 1835.

From the returns lately made to Parliament of the pensions granted from the Civil List, between June 1840 and June 1841, we learn that Her Majesty has been pleased to grant 100l. a year to Mr. P. W. Denise, for his geographical discoveries on the northern coast of America—100l. to Mr. George Burgess, in consideration of his services in the advancement of learning, as editor and publisher of various works of Greek literature—50l. to Mr. Thomas Webster, for exertions in promoting the science of geology—100l. to the Rev. Thomas Kidd, M.A., of Trinity College, Cam-

* *El Hamdu-li-lahi* (which name means Praise-be-to-God) is situated a day's journey from the Joliba, on the right bank, and about 150 miles S. by W. from Timbuctoo.

bridge, in consideration of services in the advancement of learning, as the editor and publisher of various works of classical literature; and to R. Thorpe, Esq., for services rendered to literature, particularly in the Anglo-Saxon language, in addition to the pension of 160l. per annum formerly granted to him, 40l.

A Collection of Pictures for exhibition and sale has been lately opened to the public at No. 213, Piccadilly. It comprises, according to Catalogue, various Michaelangelos, Correggios, Titians, and so forth; which intelligence would be, to connoisseurs and all lovers of the Fine Arts, "most important, if true." Some of the pictures are meritorious, or curious: but as several Royal Highnesses have visited the Collection, it may well, after obtaining notice so exalted, dispense with any further from us.

A portrait of the composer Cherubini, by M. Ingres, just finished, and still in the artist's workshop, is attracting much notice in Paris, and is spoken of as a masterpiece at once for truth of portraiture and originality of treatment. For the manner of that treatment, the painter has gone back to the classic mythology; and its description certainly conveys the notion of a return to those scholastic conceits and heterogeneous combinations which are of the school of Rubens and Roubillan, the escape from which is a purification of modern and European art. The triumphs of the composer are indicated by the figure of the Goddess Terpsichore, who stands behind him, and stretches her adoptive arm above the head of the unconscious musician, clad in a French coat of the nineteenth century, and holding in his hand a very modern-looking cane. Nevertheless, the art of the painter is described as having reconciled the approximation of these two remote natures, and overcome the difficulty of a treatment, which every day's progress in Art is making more and more foreign to our æsthetic habits. Of all the forms of Art, the most absolute in its prescriptions, and that which lends itself least readily to illusions of this kind, is portraiture; and artists who, like Sir Joshua, have let in the more extended resources of their art, by idealising the subject itself, and clothing it with attributes which elevate it into a poetical impersonation,—at least avoided setting up their own difficulty as a stumbling block to themselves, by the sensible obtrusion of two discordant natures—the attempt to bring into one scheme, and bend to a common idea, Art in its plainest and most positive shapes and purposes, and Art in its most abstract and ideal. These remarks, suggested by the accounts given of this new work of M. Ingres, are not, of course, intended as an answer to the critical commendations of which it is the subject. The triumph of the artist may be all the greater for having braved a difficulty like this, and mastered it.

At a late meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Garcin de Tassy read a translation of a chapter of the Koran hitherto unknown. It is said to have been rejected by Khalif Osman when he revised the Koran; but it has been preserved by the partisans of Ali, who is specially mentioned in it.

At the fourth meeting of the Parisian *Conservatoire*, the slow-going authorities of that establishment made a step forward, by introducing Mendelssohn's 'Overture to the Isles of Fingal': the other orchestral and vocal performances are too well known to be enumerated. It was but lately that the works of this admirable composer were *anathema* to the French *cognoscenti*, and now a report is going round that a *libretto* has been confided to him for the Grand Opera. Much as we desire to see such an essay in musical drama, and thoroughly as we are convinced that the Académie Royale offers to the composer the arena most tempting to mortal ambition, we cannot credit the rumour in question till it be confirmed to us on better authority. It is true that Duprez has been studying English with the desire to present himself to a London audience: and that negotiations to that purpose have been on foot, the conclusion of which was precluded by the enormous terms demanded by the singer. It is true that we are to have an Italian Opera some day, but when, Mr. Lumley refuses to promise, as yet. The works named for its opening night are the 'Gemma di Vergy,' of Donizetti, and the new ballet 'Giselle': the singers to be Madame Molteni, and Sigs. Santi and Guasco: the dancers to be Madame Carlotta Grisi Perrot, and

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her elastic husband: for further particulars inquire of the programme, which is not yet published. The next opera to be given at Covent Garden is 'The Marriage of Figaro.' The Ancient Concerts commence on Wednesday next; the Philharmonic on the subsequent Monday: so the Londoner may now have—"Music wherever he goes."

Musical taste abroad, as well as at home, seems wisely taking a direction in quest of "the wisdom of our ancestors." A recent artistic traveller described matters as in a most languishing state at Berlin; but that was at the close of the last king's reign. The new monarch, and the distinguished men he has assembled round him, are disposed to order matters differently, if we are to judge by the edict which has gone forth for the revival of the following ancient operas: 'Arminius,' Handel's 'Ariadne,' Lulli's 'Proserpine' and 'Alceste,' Jomelli's 'Caius Marius,' and Scarlatti's 'Faithful Princess.'—The Committee for managing the monument about to be erected to Beethoven, at his native town of Bonn, in Prussia, have adopted the design of the celebrated Saxon sculptor, Ernest Hehn, who has left the former city for Bonn, to commence its execution.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is open DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOUX, from a sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

NEW AND VARIOUS LECTURES, delivered with beautiful Illustrations.—ON THURSDAY, a LECTURE ON LINGARD'S VIEW OF THE ORIGIN OF FUNGI, and the premature DECAY OF TIMBER.—BAGGE'S Patent Process of PRINTING on CALICO, PAPER, and other Fabrics; by Voltaire Electrolytic.—NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS.—BARWICK AND BAIN'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CLOCKS.—WRIGHT AND BAIN'S NEW Patent ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RAILWAY TRAIL CONTROLLER.—THE MICROSCOPE, DIVING BELL, and DIVER, ORRERY, &c. including 2,000 works of eminent art, science, and ingenuity.—A VIEW OF CANTON by a Chinese Artist.—THE MODEL of the UNDERCLIFF, ISLE of WIGHT, and various COSMOGRAPHIC VIEWS, are added in the Evening Exhibitions. Admission, 1s.

IMPORTANT! IN CONNECTION WITH THE FINE ARTS. THE FOREIGN AND BRITISH GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, 213, PICCADILLY, (late Lucca Gallery), IS NOW OPEN, for the first time, containing a magnificent Exhibition of Genuine First Class Oil and Cabinet Pictures, by the following Great Masters:—Michael Angelo Buonarroti, fourteen wonderfully-executed Historical Paintings in DISTEMPER, upon canvas, extending upwards of ninety feet;—subjects from the Sacred Scriptures and the Heathen Mythology, painted by order of Pope Julius the Second.—Titian's chef-d'œuvre, 'Joseph and Potiphar's Wife'—Correggio's celebrated 'Sleeping Cupid' from the Angerstein Collection—Guercino's Virgin and Child, called 'La Madonna della Scodella,' from the Duke of Lucca's Gallery, with others by Claude Lorraine, Guido, Murillo, Estévan Mare (the famed Spanish Battle Painter), Rubens, Schut and Segers, Paul Potter, Cuyper, West, Sir J. Reynolds, &c., &c., forming altogether one of the finest and most valuable and interesting Collections of Original Paintings ever brought before the British public. Open DAILY, from 8 A.M. till dusk. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, with Historical Descriptions, 1s.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- At. Asiatic Society, 2 o'clock, P.M.
- Westminster Medical Society, 8.
- Entomological Society, 8.
- Royal Academy.—Sculpture.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Description of the Tanks for Kyanizing Timber on the Hull and Selby Railway; by J. Timperley.—Description of the Roof over Messrs. Simpson's Factory at Fimlico; by J. Boustead.—Description of an Iron Skew Bridge on the Eastern Counties Railway; by E. Dobson.—Description of the Menai Lighthouse; by D. P. Hewitt.
- Zoological Society, 4 p. 8.—Scientific Business.
- Meteorological Society, 4 p. 8.
- Geological Society, 4 p. 8.
- Medico-Botanical Society, 8.
- Literary Society, 8.—Lecture.
- College of Physicians, 8.—Materia Medica.
- Royal Society, 4 p. 8.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal Academy.—Painting.
- Astronomical Society, 8.
- Royal Institution, 4 p. 8.—On the Societies of Insects, and the Physiological Reasons for the existence of such communities; by Prof. Rymer Jones.
- College of Physicians, 8.—Materia Medica.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MADAME CARADORI ALLAN and MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

MR. JOSEPH HAIGH has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, his Friends, and Pupils that his FIRST GRAND CONCERT will take place at the ROYAL ROADS, HANOVER-SQUARE, on FRIDAY EVENING, March 11th. Principal Vocal Performers: Mad. Caradori Allan, and Miss Adelaide Kemble, Miss Emma Durant, Miss Fanny Russell, Miss Maria B. Hawes, and Miss Binckes. Mr. J. H. Bennett, Mr. Joseph Haigh, and Mr. John Perry. Solo Performers: Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Sing, Mr. J. Haisir Chatterton. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer; Conductor, Mr. G. F. Harris. Tickets for the first and second nights, 1s. each. Application for Tickets to be made to Mr. Joseph Haigh, 32, Bedford-street, Russell-square, and all the principal Music-sellers.

CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

NEW ROOMS, HANGOVER SQUARE. The Directors inform the Subscribers, that the FIRST CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 9th, commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock. The REHEARSAL, on Monday Morning, the 7th, at Twelve. The Subscribers have the privilege of introducing their Friends to Single Concerts, by tickets, price One Guinea each; or to Rehearsals, price 10s. 6d. each; applications for which to be made, by Subscribers only, to C. Lonsdale (late Birchall & Co.'s), Musical Calculating Library, 28, Old Bond-street.—Principal Singers for the First Concert: Miss Adelaide Kemble, Miss M. B. Hawes, and Miss Birch; Messrs. Bennett, Hawkins, Stretton, and H. Phillips. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer; Conductor, H. R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Her Majesty's Servants will perform the New Play of GISIPPUS, written by the late GERALD GRIFFIN, Esq., author of 'The Collegians.' *Giuseppe*, Mr. Macready; *Fulvius*, Mr. Anderson; *Phœnix*, Mr. Elton; *Chremes*, Mr. Hudson; *Sophronia*, Miss Helen Faucit; with a Musical Entertainment. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Handel's Opera of ACIS AND GALATEA, illustrated by Mr. Stanfield, R.A.; with Jerrold's Comedy of THE PRISONER OF WAR; and E. Morton's Farce of THE WINDMILL.

COVENT GARDEN.—If five acts of brilliant dialogue constituted a comedy, 'Bubbles of the Day' would be the best which has appeared since the time of Sheridan, and likely to last while our stage or language exists; but it is deficient in two of the elements of a drama—plot and character—and as such, its term of existence is a season instead of a century. Crowded audiences will flock to Covent Garden, to listen to and laugh at Mr. Jerrold's humorous satire of the cant, hypocrisy, and folly of the time; the biting jest and the gentler touch of humanity will in turn excite the sympathy and ridicule of the town; and his impersonations of 'Bubbles' that float and glitter on the breath of popularity be greeted with shouts of merriment: but there it will end. This ephemeral success is surely not what should content such a writer as Mr. Jerrold. Endowed with a quick perception of the finer as well as the baser qualities of human nature, a strong sympathy with his kind, a hatred of wrong, and a keen sense of the pathetic as well as the ludicrous,—he possesses powers which, if exercised with judgment, are adequate to the production of a drama of permanent value and deep interest; and, with the echoes of laughter that greeted every stroke of ridicule in the theatre still ringing in our ears, we cannot but feel a regret that so much cleverness should have been wasted on a comedy that has no substance or vitality. 'Bubbles of the Day' is distinguished from the new 'Comedies' that we lately noticed, by its wit and originality; the characters never open their mouths but to utter a pointed saying, and the dialogue is a succession of smart repartees; this redundancy of vivacity becomes fatiguing at last, from the want of contrast and repose; nor is this the worst consequence—consistency of character and "keeping" are sacrificed, and the persons of the drama cease to be living realities. *Lord Skindeep*, whose speeches in parliament elicit roars of laughter, is a wit. Like the rest, *Kimbo*, his valet, is a smart fellow; *Guinea*, the lady's maid, utters stinging retorts, and caps verses; and *Corks*, his butler, lashes his master in a Sunday paper, under the signature of Brutus the elder. Then there is *Malmsey Shark*, a facetious money-lender, *Captain Smoke*, a satirical speculator, *Spreadweasel*, a caustic capitalist, and *Sir Phenix Clearcake*, a waggish auctioneer, who carries his "pulpit" eloquence into society, and extemporizes in the style of George Robins's advertisements. The least brilliant personages are *Mrs. Quarto*, the literary lady, who reserves all her good things for her book, *Melon*, the barrister, and *Chatham Brown*, the M.P.; but the latter are lovers, and privileged to be dull; and the ladies with whom they run off are vivacious enough. Modern dramatists seem to think that to say smart things, or to put eloquent speeches into the mouths of their *dramatis personæ* is the principal matter; these are necessary, but they follow, as a matter of course, upon character and incident. If the dramatist have first conceived his characters distinctly, and then defined the position and course of action for each, the situations that arise would suggest the appropriate words in which to express the emotions of each; but the construction of an intelligible and coherent fable, which should be the first, as it is the main consideration, is neglected; and any jejune contrivance for shifting the phantasmagoria that flit to and fro before the scene, is considered good enough for the purpose. Consistency of character, propriety of sentiment and diction, natural conduct of the passions—in short, all that constitutes the metaphysics of the drama and the art of the dramatist—are overlooked, situation excepted; and this is often unsuccessful than otherwise, for

want of plan and arrangement. The consequence is, that modern dramas, whether the works of tyros or veterans, have not the element of vitality; for skilful art can alone preserve from stage oblivion the most imaginative or the most witty production, in a dramatic form. We have every day experience of the futility of attempts to revive dramas once made popular by the talent of the performers, or some other ingredient of temporary success; while such comedies as 'The School for Scandal' and 'The Rivals' are always welcome when there are actors to fill the parts. The same remark applies to the plays of Shakspeare: how often are 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Othello' performed, while other tragedies less effective, though scarcely less beautiful to read, are almost banished from the stage. Action is the chief business of actors; speaking is only a means of depicting character by expressing emotion, and thus manifesting the cause and effect of what is done. We go to a theatre to see a representation, not merely to hear people talk. The acting of 'Bubbles of the Day' is of little account, because there is nothing for the performers to do. Mr. Farren felt this, and showed it on the first night. Meadows, as *Malmsey Shark*, is the best piece of personation; and this is owing more to the actor than the author. Mrs. Nisbet, as *Pamela Spreadweasel*, (Mr. Jerrold runs riot in his nomenclature,) overflows with good spirit and good humour, and her laughing eyes point the vivacity of her speech. The cast of parts is efficient, and the performers, one and all, including C. Matthews, Bartley, Harley, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. Orger, acquit themselves well; the least important being not the least admirable.

Comus.—So many conflicting opinions have reached us, touching the revival of 'Comus,' that we cannot pass the subject in silence. Briefly to state them, A (not the *Atlas*) furiously denounces the Covent Garden proceeding, as an unjust interference with the managerial designs of Macready. B (neither *Bell nor Bull*) on the other hand declares, that Madame Vestris is but "bettering the instruction" bequeathed to her by her predecessor, the present lessee of Drury Lane, who far more gratuitously did his best to forestall 'William Tell' and 'Joan of Arc,' when announced by a rival theatre; C (our *C* is other than the *Chronicle*) puts a new face on the matter by averring, that the *cooking up* of 'Comus' was decided a twelvemonth ago, subsequent to the great success of the Vestris version of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' to which D (we do not mean the *Dispatch*) adds, that 'Comus' being property as public as 'Lear,' or 'Macbeth,' would be fair game, were this assertion of previous intentions proved false. Whereupon E (let no one mistake him for the *Examiner*) refuses to accept explanation or hear reason:—borrowing a phrase from the ugliest daughter of "Boz," he takes up his parable against the transaction as being in bad taste, "which is pagin," and admires the magnanimity of Drury Lane in withdrawing from the contest. The truth, which they say lies in a well, is hardly worth fishing up: so, having contented ourselves by stating the attack and advocacy, we will proceed at once to speak of the performance on its own merits. As a musical drama, 'Comus' comes before the public with less pretensions than 'Acis and Galatea'; the latter being a whole, though not an opera, the former, from the hour of its first adaptation, a thing of shreds and patches, and, in its original form, wholly unsuited for presentment, save to such an audience "chaste and noble," as first looked upon it at Ludlow Castle. We have already recorded our judgment on the policy, as regards Art—of torturing to the stage things not meant for the stage: but managers consult effect, and the treasury; and if the names of Milton, Handel, Purcell, and Arne, draw money, we fear that remonstrance will be offered in vain. In the scenic splendours of this masque, Madame has out-Vestrised herself and her competitors. The "rabble rout" of the Bacchanals, in the first scene—the vision of enchantment, where the "two daughters of the aged stream" float down the cascade to seduce the brothers with their singing—the fantastic illusions which tempt the lady when fixed in her chair, &c.—are all executed with a splendour and prodigality, and at the same time, a propriety, adding another to the brilliant examples of stage appointment for which Covent Garden has been famed.

How far this art, newly practised in England, is to be pushed, and with what consequences, let the *Pastorinis* of Drama decide. For the moment, the world will troop to Bow-street to see the pageant, and to hear the sweet singing by which it is accompanied. But as, despite of the classical names got together, the ear must yield to the eye, in this revival of 'Comus,' we shall postpone till a future day a remark or two suggested by its old music: in particular the fragments from Purcell, which, on the stage, were new to us. Suffice it now to say, that Arne's Echo song was sung (by Miss Rainforth?) echoed by a voice we cannot name, with exquisite nicety of effect, and that Purcell's syren duet was sweetly warbled by the former lady and Madame Vestris. We must not forget the admirable manner in which Mr. Stretton sustained his part in the introduced "frost scene" from 'King Arthur.' As a dramatic singer, this gentleman is rapidly and deservedly rising in public estimation. Mr. Leffler was *enacted* in the tipsily jocund 'Haste thee, Nymph,' and Mr. Harrison gave the music given to the Sorcerer with ease and sweetness. The amount of by-play, demanded from every vocalist on the stage, must tell well, in all future productions of legitimate opera.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—French Plays.—There is no writing criticisms upon Perlet! but to forbear expressions of admiration is equally impossible. To confine ourselves to his performances of last Monday, 'Le Savant,' or 'Le Bénéficiaire,'—each, as a piece of acting, contained matter for a month's study. The former character, in hands less consummately masterly, would have dwindled into a mawkish sickness; the eccentricities of the book-worm have been allowed so to overgrow the feelings and passions of the man, that when the time of assertion for the latter came, the contrast would have been disagreeably violent. It is not so with M. Perlet's *Reynolds*. The absorption of all his faculties to the point of impenetrable forgetfulness and personal helplessness, is somehow or other so combined with an exhibition of qualities exciting respect, that we love while we laugh, and the laugh is not one of ridicule. As an example, too, of exquisite finish in details, the personation was beyond all praise. The lack-lustre eyes, as regards the outer world, but animated by deep and earnest thought; the hands never at home save when grasping a pen, or turning over the leaves of some *editio princeps*; the very *making-up* of the cheek, and the brow mantled by its long innocent hair, all contribute to the exquisite and artistic completeness of the character. No less admirable of its coarser kind, is his old prompter in 'Le Bénéficiaire.' The shabby, red-nosed poverty of this poor wretch, struggling with that careless gaiety which is the player's appanage, and that readiness in emergency which is the player's staff—his pride in his own subordinate calling—his sly complacency in the consciousness that he can enjoy sulky tragedians out of their head-aches, and incapacitated singers out of their hoarse-nesses, and capricious *dansesuses* out of their caprices, so as to secure his benefit—are exhibited with a quietness and enjoyment which amount to power of the highest order, though displayed in a small thing. We shall still have some last words touching M. Perlet; but ere we close our notice of this week we must add a line to the credit of M. Oudinot and Mlle. Forgeot, who sustained the parts of tragedian and *dansuse*, in the aforesaid 'Bénéficiaire,' with a humorous truth and ease of which we have far too few examples at home.

The Goodwin Sands.—We alluded, not long since, (No. 737), to the many strange projects a-foot for dealing with this dream-land as if it were a reality, and erecting thereon light-houses, and more strange still, constructing there harbours of refuge. Meantime, while these projects are yet in *pelle*, we may as well record some particulars of a deed accomplished—of the Safety Beacon erected there by Captain Bullock, under the sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty, and which has now withstood the storms of two winters, and one of them of unusual severity. The following outline of its history is from a 'Letter addressed by Capt. Bullock to Capt. Beaufort, Hydrographer to the Admiralty':—"In carrying on the survey of the Thames, it was found expedient, as the work proceeded seawards, and the receding landmarks grew indistinct, to erect fixed marks on the

different sands. The first of them was nothing more than an iron bar driven into the sand, with a flag-staff affixed to it. This stood but a tide or two, and was succeeded by various modifications of the same simple plan, stays being added to support the shaft: but in vain; the marks erected in this manner all yielded to the first gale of wind. It then appeared that some foundation was wanted to enable them to resist the force of the waves. To remedy this defect, the bar was fixed in a broad cross of wood, from the extremities of which chains were attached to the staff, and after many trials success was attained by this means. The results of the experiments above related, joined to the knowledge of the lamentable loss of life annually taking place on the Goodwin Sands, induced the persuasion, that since it was found practicable to fix a Beacon on them, it was an imperative duty to erect one calculated for the preservation of life. The Safety Beacon now standing upon the Goodwin Sands, may be thus described:—The Shaft, or Mast,—forty feet in height and twelve inches in diameter, is sunk into the sand, through a strong frame of oak, in the form of a cross, firmly secured by four long bars of iron, and laden with several tons of ballast, chalk, &c. The mast is also sustained by eight chain shrouds, in pairs, and attached to iron piles, seventeen feet long, which are driven close down into the sand, and are backed by mushroom anchors, to prevent their coming home, or towards the Mast. On the Shaft is fitted an Octagon Gallery, capable of holding thirty or forty people, and never less than sixteen feet above high-water mark; beneath the gallery there is temporary safety for twenty persons more. The Mast is also fitted with a light topmast, on which a blue flag (always at hand) can be hoisted, when aid is required from the shore, but which is kept struck, or down, to give the whole an appearance of a wreck, thus answering the double purpose of a Beacon of Warning and a Place of Refuge. Directions are given in eight languages, and bread and water, with a small supply of spirits, are left upon the Beacon, properly protected from the weather. To the Beacon is also appended a chain ladder of easy ascent, as well as cleats to the Mast, and a large basket chair is kept in readiness, with ropes and blocks, to succour the exhausted."

Asylum for the Destitute French in London.—This institution, which is intended to provide a refuge for the destitute French in this metropolis, is now established, and a committee of the oldest French inhabitants of London has been formed to manage the charity. Count D'Orsay, to whom the credit of this philanthropic and judicious establishment is due, observed at the first meeting that was held on the subject, that it was essential to limit the nature of the relief given by the society, so as not to offer a premium to indolence or vice. He also thought, that no appeal for pecuniary assistance ought to be made to the English; that England had her own poor to take care of, and that at the present moment of distress, it was more becoming to refrain from soliciting that charity for foreigners, which, if solicited, would not have been withheld. A house of refuge will be forthwith opened in London for the reception of indigent French, and for the supply of articles of primary necessity. The annual subscription is one guinea, and a fund was immediately raised, by contributions of five guineas each, for the purpose of preparing the asylum; which is paid over to the banker of the charity, Sir Claude Scott, 1, Cavendish Square. If the funds raised should admit of it, it is proposed to annex to the establishment a gratuitous school for the children of indigent French in London. Count D'Orsay was unanimously elected President of the society; and Count St. Aulaire, the French Ambassador, has kindly promised to lend it his most strenuous support and patronage.—*The Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. T.—Three hundred a year—J. B.—Z.—Falmouth—H. L. B.—W. B. S.—J. S. H.—received.—We are obliged to C. C.—We returned the *South Australian Register* as directed a fortnight since. The general results of Mr. Eyre's Expedition were announced ante p. 132.

Our attention has been directed by a Correspondent to a notice of this Journal, which appeared some short time since as a leading article in the *Dumfriess Times*. The even tenor of our way leads us so wide afield from politics and party, that many of the provincial journals seem to have no other idea of the *Athenæum* than as a treasure house, which they are at liberty to pilfer from without acknowledgment. We are all the more indebted, therefore, to the Editor of the *Dumfriess Times* for this flattering notice of us and our labours.

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